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THE OCEAN RACE.

THERE is nothing so dear to our national pride as our supposed excellence in shipbuilding. Native art, science, and literature may go by the board, but the Americans will never give up the *Shm*. There is a pride that clings to our clippers and fast sailers, that comes from well assured success. This success was sealed at the very desk of the London merchant, when our New York Ship, the *Oriental*, the other day let go her anchor in the Thames, after the shortest passage ever made between Canton and London. It seems now to be allowed, and we have the authority of the "Times" for it, that if the London tea-table is to be cheered by the aroma of early Souchong, fresh from the gardens of the East, London merchants must secure American ships, though, as those merchants would say, "freights range at rather a high figure." Live oak, locust, and canvas, fashioned into form and beauty by the skill of our artisans, and quickened into life by the enterprise of our merchants, have distanced the world in the ship race upon the waters. But there is another race to be run.

In the rapid improvement of our times, fulfilment follows so quickly upon the heels of prophecy, and the seer of wonders is so often tripped up by the actor of prodigies, that it is neither useful nor safe to mount the tripod. However, we will venture to state our belief that, before many years, a vessel propelled solely by means of sails will be an anachronism; this is but giving an additional emphasis to the fact, that at this day every ocean of the globe has its fleet of Steamers. The struggle with the elements has been settled to the triumph of Art, and the only question now, is a question between "man and man,"—will it pay? This has been triumphantly answered on the Pacific, where the three original Steamers of Howland & Aspinwall, the California, Panama, and Oregon, running between Panama and San Francisco, have earned for their proprietors a million and a half of money in one single year—a net annual revenue amounting to three times the original investment. An inverse ratio of this debtor and creditor account, has been, we fear, the unsatisfactory result of some other steamboat enterprises. The commercial difficulty is somewhat relieved by liberal government contracts, and the gain of a

steamboat proprietary has been got at the expense of the tax payer. It is not our purpose to do more than throw a passing rebuke at the corrupt jobbing of those government mail contracts. The original contractors seldom have anything to do with the carrying out of the enterprise, having neither the skill, capital, nor intention, but selling their contract to those who have, retire, buttoning their pockets upon a handsome *bonus*, the pay for their own and their friends' political jugglery. It is probable that, if steamships were left alone to individual enterprise, individual enterprise would soon devise means of making steamships profitable. Increased capacity for passengers and freight, at the same or less expense, is the point of progress in view which mechanical ingenuity, stimulated by the essential spirit of trade, the love of gain, will be sure to reach, provided it is not clogged by the leaden heels of monopoly.

The race, then, that has already begun is between steam and steam. The Washington and Hermann were the first American ocean steamers that entered for the race. In spite of various break-downs, they have managed, by clever jockeying, to hold their own tolerably well. They do not pretend to dispute the prize with the new steamers of last year, but have fallen back into useful beasts of burden, carrying safely and profitably their hundreds of tons of German and French goods, and the surplus population of continental Europe.

Our national pride was aroused to a burst of enthusiasm by the brilliant start of Collins's ocean steamers. These steamers have predated by a decade the fulfilment of the most promising foretellings of the oracular, who predicted two years ago what *might be done* ten years hence, and which *has been done* the past year. The "Pacific" has accomplished the greatest feat yet in Atlantic steam navigation, in her passage to the westward, of ten days and a few hours. There is a right then to some honest enthusiasm. The winter trip was wanting, however, to try and complete the success of our steamships. A December's passage on the Atlantic, to the westward, is no more like an August's than a tornado is like a gentle summer's breeze. The longer passages of Collins's steamers, in comparison with the fastest of the English; the *contretemps* of the Baltic and the Arctic, and the uncertain fate of the Atlantic, have been the accidents of this winter's trial, at least on the homeward route.

An experienced captain of a steamer tells us that he has met some of the Collins's steamers on the ocean, and to use his own words, they *bury* and ship a great deal of water in a heavy sea. This is a practical comment, and implies a fault in the model of these steamers. This is an individual opinion, and of course is only so far valuable. The hulls of Collins's steamers have not the same flatness of floor as the Cunarders, and some of our own steamers, as the Franklin for instance. This question, however, of model is the *questio vexata* of shipbuilders; and as a set-off to this unfavorable criticism, we are reminded of the handsome tribute of the English press to the supposed superiority of the models of these very steamers.

Allowing for the courage of experiment,

which requires but success to justify it, we cannot but think there has been some of the natural recklessness, which is supposed to be a national fault, in the adoption of novelties in the construction of these steamers. Commercially they must be failures, although the original cost has been overstated, in connexion with the getting up an *éclat* to insure popularity; they have hardly divided equally the passengers with the Cunard steamers, and in spite of their enormous tonnage, each steamer only carries about three hundred tons of goods.

We have great hopes of the new Havre line. The Franklin has from the start boldly opposed the winter's storms; and in spite of the resistance of the Atlantic wind and waves, has made two undoubtedly triumphant voyages during the months of October, November, December, and January. The constructors of the Franklin have kept more closely to the English model, both as regards hull and machinery, and with a wise prudence have availed themselves of the experience of the Hermann and Washington. The Franklin has the long, flat floor, abruptly sharpened fore and aft; and in the construction of the machinery the English proportions, in regard to diameter of cylinder and length of stroke, have been followed. Though the Franklin is of considerably less tonnage than any of the Collins steamers, she carries double the amount of freight. The Humboldt, the associate steamer of the Franklin, will be ready to fill her place in the line in March or April. The Humboldt is twenty feet longer than the Franklin, has an additional 150 horse power, and will carry 800 tons of freight. Of this steamer great success is predicated.

On the occasion of the fête on board the Franklin on her first arrival at Havre, Léon Faucher, Vice-President of the National Assembly, inspired by French burgundy and French enthusiasm, pledged his influence towards obtaining a contract with the French government for a line of steamers, to run in conjunction with the Franklin and Humboldt. We may hail this as a new and favorable phase of the much talked of *entente cordiale*, and adopt in a fraternal spirit M. Faucher's burst of enthusiasm, with proper deductions for the sparkle of the burgundy, when he said that as the kings of France used to say *plus de Pyrénées*, he would say *plus d'Atlantique*.

There is a fair prospect of the enthusiasm of that festal occasion becoming a practical reality. Pledges have been received from the French government of a handsome allowance for mail service, and preliminary arrangements are now being made for the building of steamers to join with the American line, to run between Havre and New York, and under the same management. It is proposed to build three steamers, the hulls to be constructed in Havre and the machinery in England. The skill of M. Lenormand, the celebrated French Naval Architect of Havre, will insure perfection in model, but we fear M. Schneider, the proprietor of the great steam engine manufactory of Le Creusot, will oppose from his seat in the National Assembly the plan of the contract to send to England for the engines. Interest backed by national pride may thus defeat the

plan, as the English engines are essential to the commercial success of the enterprise, that being the condition of the investment of capitalists, who are not disposed to risk the experiment of building engines in France, where the construction of an engine beyond 400 horse power is yet a novelty.

Much has been said of the competition carried on by the Cunard steamers against the Havre line. It is stated that the charge for freight, on French goods, is regulated by the absence or presence of the Franklin at Havre: in the former instance the charge is high, and in the latter, low. This may be deemed by a scrupulous commercial morality as unfair, but the only effect as yet seems to be the loss of the Cunard Co. They charge ten dollars a ton for carrying freight from Havre to New York, and they, with the expense of a steamer running between Havre and Liverpool, and of transhipment, are certainly losers. The importer here of fine French goods (and French goods are mostly of that character) can ship cheaper, directly from Havre to New York, at thirty dollars the ton, the charge of the Franklin, than indirectly by Liverpool at ten dollars, the charge by the Cunard steamer. It is a matter of plain arithmetic. There is the additional half per cent. insurance by the indirect shipment to be added to the one per cent. insurance upon the direct shipment. Suppose a ton of French silks costs \$6,000, freight by the Franklin would be \$30, the insurance at one per cent. from Havre to New York would be \$60, making a total sum of \$90. Freight by a Cunard steamer would be \$10, and insurance from Havre to Liverpool and from Liverpool to New York, at one and a half per cent., would amount to \$90, thus making a total of \$100; so the importer would gain ten dollars per ton by shipping at the higher charge by the Franklin.

The steamer race has begun with great spirit. With Great Britain on the one hand, and the United States on the other, the result involves the marine supremacy over the whole world. The English steamer, backed by a government alive to the importance of the issue, by a surplus English capital, ready for investment at a small return, by the confidence that comes from the prestige of past success, and by the skill of a long experience, is challenged by the American steamer, that boldly enters the ocean list, sustained by that unflagging faith in American resource which is a part of the American character.

AN ORIGINAL JAPANESE NOVEL.

THE SIX FOLDING SCREENS OF LIFE.

Now first translated into English by WORTHINGTON G. SMYTH, of Washington, D. C.

PREFACE OF THE JAPANESE AUTHOR.

I WILL tell you what you will not find in this book. You will not find anything in it about the worship of devils, the miracles of wonder-workers, the thoughts and sayings of fairies, or the doings of jackalls, wolves, or toads. You will find nothing in it about family trees, heir-looms, or any such trifling objects. Nor will you find anything in it about the heroic deeds of father and son, about the union of the two parts into which either of the four elements of nature is divided, about sealed caskets and things of the toilet, about the oracles of the gods and of Buddha communicated in dreams, about the death-dealing sword drawn against our fellow creatures, nor about anything that will make the blood run cold and the hair stand on end. None of these things will you find in it. But this you will find in it. You will find, that the saying is not

true, that—"neither man nor the Folding Screen can stand upright"—that man is not like the Folding Screen in this particular. Convinced of the error of this saying, we have brought upon the scene several human beings, who may be aptly called the Folding Screens of Life, and illustrated the parts they play in this drama, by drawings upon this perishable plant-paper. It will be seen that they refuse, every one of them, to bend the knee to do wrong, that they scorn to stand bent like a folding screen, that they stand upright. We have vindicated man from the calumny of this proverb, by hastily gathering together such good thoughts as suggested themselves, and writing them down in the margin around the illustrations we have given, for the instruction and amusement of the reader.

This work was completed in the autumn or the seventh month of the seventh year of the reign of Monsei (1820), and published and placed in the hands of the booksellers in the spring or the first month of the eighth year of the reign of Monsei (1821).

RIUTEI TANEFIKO.

PART I.

There once lived in a family allied to the house of Famana, that gave to Kuantō* its governors, a man by the name of Abosi Tamontara Kadzujosi. He was in the habit of ranging through the half of the kingdom of Kadzusa† on hunting expeditions, and so widely known and extensive was his family, which belonged to the army, that he was almost equal in power and authority to the governors. He dwelt in a magnificently furnished palace upon the slope of the hill of Kobukuro at Kamakura in Sessiu‡, owned hunting castles upon the great beach at Kanazawa and in various other places, and lived in extraordinary luxury and splendor.

One day towards the close of autumn, as he was admiring the magnificent Momidzi§ tree, with its huge, crimson leaves, he felt a sudden desire to make war upon the birds that flocked among its branches. To prepare himself for this sport he set out for his hunting castle upon the great beach, and after rambling about the whole day, he came, just as the dusk of evening was setting in, upon the moor, commonly called Woodcock Moor. This was an unexpected occurrence. It was, however, an obstacle quite sufficient, at so late an hour, to interrupt his progress, for it was a desolate spot, far distant from the haunts of men. An old, deserted inn alone stood on one side of it.

"See yonder woodcock!"—exclaimed one of Tamontara's trusty companions, who observed a woodcock in the distance in quest of food. "It is plain this is called Woodcock Moor, because it abounds in this bird. Should you pass this inn in the first half of the tenth hour|| of an autumn evening, you will be sure to see the woodcock flying, as the poet Saigio says: Tamontara smiled.

"The woods," said he, "that you construe to mean 'Woodcock Moor,' have no reference whatever to the flying or abode of birds.

* In autumn's chilly eve,
The woodcock soars aloft.¶

* The name of the Eight Provinces around Jeddo.

† A province in the neighborhood of Jeddo. The provinces of Japan are generally called kingdoms.

‡ The Chinese and ordinary name of the province of Kadzusa.

§ The huge, deep-red leaf of this tree, at the close of autumn, constitutes one of the great beauties of a Japanese forest scene.

|| The Japanese, like the Chinese hour, is double that of Europe, so that the time here indicated is between the hours of five and six o'clock in the evening.

¶ Saigio was a Bonze or priest, distinguished as a poet. It appears that he wrote a poem on this Moor, and perhaps it was composed at this inn.

That the flight of birds should have been described by the legend upon this poet's inn, arose from a misapprehension of the poet's meaning in speaking of this place. He did not intend to convey the idea that the woodcock seeks its food here and abides herein. A profound solitude reigns over this spot, and hence it is properly called 'The Death-Tree Moor.'*

"If we go to the spot," said one of his attendants, who was standing a short distance from the poet's legend, and who heard Tamontara's words with an incredulous air,—“if we go to the spot where these birds keep themselves, we shall find in the brush-wood not less than thirty of them in a flock.”

"Not so," said another of his attendants, who did not clearly understand the drift of his associate's remarks; "what you call a woodcock is a little bird resembling a partridge. It is a scarce and a shy bird,—so scarce that twenty of them could hardly be found in this whole moor."

The attendant who first spoke shook his head.

"You ought to remember," said he, "that woodcocks frequent out of the way places, and are never shy at the approach of man."

"Not so, not so," said the second attendant; and here, doubling up his hand, he looked intently through it, as though he saw something in the distance.

The two attendants continued their dispute, and neither seemed disposed to give up to the other.

Midzuma Ugenda, Kadzujosi's trusty companion, had a son just fourteen years old, by the name of Simano Suke, who discharged the duty of a constant and confidential attendant upon his master. He walked up to the disputants, who on that day were in attendance.

"Stop this quarrelling," said he, "and I will decide the question in dispute between you with this little arrow."

Here he trussed up the corner of his overcoat, laid the little arrow upon his bow, and drawing back the string with all his might, let it go. Away went the missile, and striking a straggling bird, glanced off and fell amongst the cane. The terrified bird escaped.

Tamontara, on seeing this, flew into a violent passion.

"How dare you, a mere boy," said he, "thus forget your duty to an illustrious soldier like me, and do a thing you had no right to do! You have wounded yon bird, sir: do you imagine that you will escape from the consequences of such an act?"

When Simano Suke saw his master's angry face, he instantly threw down his bow.

"Go," said he to his servant, "fetch me yonder arrow."

The servant went, without a murmur, into the moor, got the arrow with much difficulty, and handed it to his master.

Simano Suke took it, and walked towards Tamontara with fearless step.

"These two attendants, sir," said Simano Suke, "were disputing for a long time whether the woodcock frequented this moor or not; and their dispute promising to be endless, I remarked to them that I could soon decide the question, being convinced that I could discover the truth of the matter, and thus put an end to

* The legend here spoken of was probably written in the Chinese similarly sounding characters, and hence the ambiguity of the expression in the original, which, by the insertion or omission of two points, may be either *Sige tatsu sawa*, "the moor where woodcocks lift themselves up," or *Siki tatsu sawa*, "the moor where the Trees of Death lift themselves up." According to *Sigew-zi-ko*, there was a graveyard in this moor in ancient times.

this unpleasant discussion. I did not tell them that I would hit the bird, sir. But see! with the point of my sleepless arrow have I pierced the feather of a woodcock, and there is no doubt the arrow touched the bird. I had not the least idea of desiring to kill one of these birds, sir; for however ignorant of the part they play in the ballads of our own and of other nations, one thing is certain—they inhabit this moor, and other similar places. Oh, sir! though but a mere boy, yet I bear the surname of the Little Arm, and my arrow has never yet failed of its mark. It bears upon its point the feathers of one of these birds, and this is a proof that they frequent this spot."

At so bold a speech from an attendant, Tamontara grew still more angry.

"Thoughtless boy, reflect!" said he. "Do you presume to oppose your master with words? Even had you laid at my feet the bow which you have just thrown down, and trusted yourself entirely to my mercy, the world would have said of me, that I had extended my kindness too far, and that I was in the habit of employing in my service persons of ill breeding—persons who have no correct notions of propriety. But though you are just entering upon manhood, and are beginning to dress your hair with the forelock as a man, yet your stay in my house will destroy its reputation for discipline; and henceforward I will no longer be your protector. Begone!"

Such were the stern words of Tamontara.

Simano Suke was thunderstruck. He could not utter a word in reply, and hurried away in silence from the scene. On the same day, Ugenida, Simano Suke's father, was discharged from duty as a companion of Tamontara. Simano Suke returned home disgraced, and, without waiting to see his father, he abandoned his country. Whither he went no one knew.

[The following events took place eight years after those just described.]

Among the rice-merchants at Utsino Senia in Sessiu*, there was one by the name of Kadzjemon. He had no children in his old age, but was so much taken with a person named Sakitsi, that he adopted him as his son. Soon afterwards he died, at the age of eighty. Kadzjemon's widow became a nun, took the spiritual name of Miosau, and intrusted Sakitsi with the care of the house. She thenceforth devoted herself to the service of the temple, and never again mingled with the world. Sakitsi was of a conscientious turn of mind and a nervous temperament that were too much for his frail constitution. He honored Miosan as though she had been his own mother; but during a season of unusual cares caused by the increased business of the house, he contracted an obstinate remittent fever of five days' duration. After passing the crisis of his disease, he recovered his health and color so slowly that, by the advice of his mother's physician, a loquacious and witty old maid, who once enjoyed the honor of being a distinguished city belle, was introduced into his society, to entertain him with her wit and conversation. This treatment was highly successful, for it rallied his depressed spirits, and restored the tone of both his mind and body. About the middle of the second month, however, when the cypress-covered mountains began to assume the aspect of spring, and the ice-bound rivers to be gradually breaking up, he found himself almost constantly confined to his chamber, and his malady to be evidently on the increase. His mother Miosan begged him to travel, for the purpose of arousing, if possible, his dormant energies; and he at once deter-

mined to make a tour of the province of Jamato, visit its celebrated places of antiquity, and, at the same time, attend to some business matters he had in that part of the country. He appointed an agent to take charge of the house in his absence, and took into his service an attendant from the country through which he intended to travel.

A lovely and beautiful maiden, between seventeen and eighteen years of age, accompanied by a little girl four years old, visited every day the tea-house upon the public square of Sibawara, near the temple of Nanjin in Nara. This maiden played upon the *cither** while the little girl held out her fan to the visitors, and prayed for charity at their hands. So extraordinary was her skill, that when the strings of her *cither* sent forth their round and full tones, accompanied by her rich and magnificent voice, she never failed to draw around her crowds of eager and admiring listeners, whose warm applause she invariably received. Love works wonders in this world, for Sakitsi, from Utsino Senio, having arrived in Nara at this juncture, was seen with his attendant inquiring after the maiden who played so exquisitely upon the *cither*, and who lived upon the street of Sibatsudzi. The maiden's name was Misawo; but she evidently did not belong to the tribe of ordinary street musicians. She was the daughter of a distinguished personage, but in order to relieve the distressing necessities of an elder sister who was reduced to great poverty, she took with her Kojosi, the daughter of that sister, and adopted this painful and humiliating pursuit. When he heard of this noble and generous sacrifice on her part, he became deeply enamored of her. He cared no longer for the antiquities and noted places of which he had heard so much, but spent his days in the tea-house. Here he paid devoted attention to her, bestowed upon her many beautiful presents, and was absorbed in her agreeable conversation. Takitsi was a handsome man, and Misawo, without perceiving it, permitted him to win her affections; and though her love for him did not blind her to the recollection of her lowly position in society, yet she found no opportunity to draw his attention to this circumstance; but day after day passed, and they had no other thought but their love for each other.

At the close of a long day, when, at the tolling of the sunset bell, men had returned to their homes, and when all was still, a person was seen approaching the tea-house.

"What!" said he, speaking to himself, "still here upon a bench in front of the tea-house! This must not be so any longer." He spoke of Misawo.

It was Saizo, of the house of Tokuwaka, the well known host of the Arbor Inn at Utsino Senia in Nauiwa.

Misawo approached him.

"I pray you," said she, "come hither and tarry awhile."

They were alone beneath the leafy canopy.

"Did you fully understand what I said to you yesterday?" asked Saizo, in a loud tone. "Will you enter into my service for a hundred taels?"

"I will," replied Misawo. "With this money I may be able to be the means of re-establishing the health of my mother-in-law. I well know that I sell my liberty in doing this; but who has a right to say nay? Though my sis-

ter, whose consent is necessary to the accomplishment of this act, will not know what I have done until she hears of it, and until I shall have entered into your service, I have contrived through an artifice to obtain her signature to this bond which you gave me in your handwriting; and see, I have affixed my seal to it."

She handed him the bond, and Saizo was deeply affected.

"I knew yesterday," said he, "that I had not mistaken your disposition; but it is my desire that you will keep the bond until the transaction is completed, when you will pass it over to me, and there will be an end of the matter. I feel assured that, loving your parents as you do, you will lay out the money you will get from me to the best advantage, and be faithful in my service. To-morrow morning, about the fourth hour, I will come with a sedan chair to carry you to my home, and I will then give you the money for your bond. Henceforth, all will go well."

"This done," replied Misawo, "and I will owe you a debt that never can be repaid. To my dear mother, to whose eyes the light of heaven is a stranger, I will say that I go to be a maid-in-waiting in your palace."

"Well said; and, if asked what I am here for, I can say that I have come to carry you to my palace as a maid-in-waiting."

"That will satisfy her."

Full of sad thoughts, the big tears coursed down her cheeks for a moment, but quickly repressing them, a sweet smile came across her face, and she made an effort amid her struggling feelings to express her thanks, but her voice failed her, and she was only heard to exclaim, in a faltering voice—

"My master and my friend!"

"May the morning sun bring joy to your sad heart!" and with these words Saizo hurried away.

Upon the street of Fanija, in Nara, there stood a sedan chair-carrier, by the name of Tofei. In former years he had lived in Kuantō, and did duty as a foot soldier in the army of the General-in-chief, Kadzumura Teidaifu. He had clandestinely married Fanajo, the sister of Teidaifu's wife, Fatsuse, in whose house he lived shortly after this event; finding that his marriage could not be any longer concealed, he fled with her to Nara, his native place. Here she soon after gave birth to a daughter, whom she named Kojosi, and who was now four years old. Tofei's aged mother, Kutsiwa, was still alive, but she had lost her eye-sight, from the effects of a severe malady, under which she had suffered for more than a year. But this was not the only misfortune of Tofei and his wife. No sooner had they abandoned their home than they received the afflicting intelligence that Kadzumura Teidaifu, Tofei's master in Kuantō, whence they came, had been deposed from his command in the army, and been deprived of all the emoluments of his office. Finding it utterly impossible for him to maintain, in a manner suitable to her dignity and family, his only daughter, Misawo, he sent her, at the suggestion of his wife Fatsuse, to the residence of the latter's younger sister Fanajo. Fatsuse had never lost sight of Fanajo, who, out of respect for Teidaifu, had secretly apprised her elder sister of the place to which Tofei and she had fled, and kept up a regular correspondence with her. In order to quiet the fears of Fatsuse, Fanajo, however, made no mention in her letters of the extreme indigence to which she was reduced, but rather wrote so as to lead to the belief that she was doing well. Fanajo and Misawo stood to

* The peculiar Chinese instrument called *Kin*, resembling a horizontal harp.

† The service here meant is domestic (*tsoutsine*). There is another kind of service (*fukō*), the opposite of the other. It consists of personal attendance upon distinguished personages only.

* The province in which O-saka is situated.

each other in the relation of aunt and niece ; but on account of the slight difference in their ages, it being only three or four years, the latter usually called Fanajo sister. Though, so far as Tofei was concerned, she was the daughter of his old master, yet for this very reason he made her the object of his special care. He was to be found every day at his stand upon the street, and earned his daily bread by the severe and constant labor of a sedan-chair carrier. But he was unable to lay up anything ; and in consequence of the prolonged illness of his mother, his household expenses had multiplied to such an extent that he was compelled to send some of his furniture to auction, for the purpose of raising money. Misawo saw starvation staring the family in the face, and she became almost frantic at the prospect before her. She pretended at once that she had made a vow for the sake of Kutsiwa, the mother, and her son Tofei and his wife, to visit the temple of Naujeu for one hundred days, and to read one hundred chapters out of the great prayer-book therein. Kojosi, notwithstanding her extreme youth, was a remarkably intelligent and talkative child, and exhibited great tact in exchanging the little pieces of money which they had gathered in their daily walks for gold, which was given to Fanajo by Misawo, under the assurance that it came from her own home, as a contribution to the comforts of the family.

The morning came. It was the third day of the third month, and the day of the feast of Peaches.* Kojosi rose at an early hour, and placed a pair of little figures or dolls, that were left from the sale of the furniture, upon the toilet-table of the old mother. In her childish play she took a peach from an earthen vase, fastened by the mouth to a dressing-case, whose lid was surmounted by a carved dog.† She then unwittingly opened the picture-book of the "Parents of the Flowery Field," at a picture illustrating the extreme indigence of her parents, and addressing the two little figures or dolls in child's language, explained to them, as though they were children and could understand her, the meaning of the picture.

"Poor little children!" said she, pityingly, to the two figures ; "we have only one peach between us to-day, and all the other children have a whole parcel!"

Tofei, after waiting, as usual, to see that his mother was comfortable, slung his sedan chair over his shoulder, and sallied forth for the labors of the day.

"In order to bring about your prosperous and speedy return, my dear sister, to the house of our father," said Misawo, turning to Fanajo, "and to effect the recovery of mother Katsiwa from her distressing malady, I have been for a long time in the habit of daily resorting to the temple of Nanjen to offer up my prayers ; but the unusual severity of the present cold weather has had such an effect upon me, that I am quite ill to-day. Will you be so kind as to go thither to-day and offer up prayers in my place?"

Fanajo assented.

"While I am absent," said Fanajo to Misawo, "you will attend to mother, and when she awakes you will be so good as to hand her her diet drink. Keep yourself warm, and be careful that you do not become seriously ill. Kojosi, your mother is going to offer up

prayers, and will be absent a short time ; meanwhile behave yourself properly to my sister here, who takes my place, and patiently await my return."

With these words, she went upon her errand alone.

Immediately thereafter the recently arrived Saizo, of the house of Tokuwaka, looked in at the door, and made a signal to know whether the way was clear.

"Come hither," said Misawo in a low tone, and then raising her voice, she continued,—
"Yes, all is right."

Saizo coughed significantly.

"Is any one there? I beg you will show me the way."

Her hand was soon locked in his.

"I am of the family of the Chief Justice of Jenju," added he in a loud voice as he entered the room, "and my name is Tokuwaka Saizo. The time is near at hand when the lady Misawo shall be one of that family. In obedience to the order of his principal lady-in-waiting, the lady Iwafudzi, I have directed a four-handed sedan-chair of extraordinary beauty, and ornamented with golden shoulder-handles, to be ready to carry you thither. It is in the street near by. Prepare yourself, therefore, for departure without delay."

(To be continued.)

ELFIN LAND.

BY BENJAMIN W. BALL.

Part II.

BUT far the greatest miracle
That Elfin land can show,
A hostel is, like that which stood
In Eastcheap long ago.
Before the entrance, in the blast
There swings a tusk sign—
And when at night, the Elfin moon
And constellations shine,
A ruddy glow illumines the panes,
And, looking through, you see,
With merry faces seated round,
A famous company ;
Prince Hal, the royal wasailer,
And that great fount of fun,
Diana's portly forester,
The merry wight Sir John,—
With all their lovel servitors,
Mirth-shaken cheek by cheek :
Cambysean Pistol, Peto, Poins,
And Bardolph's fiery beak.

A grove there is in Elfin land,
Where closely intertwine
The Grecian myrtle's branches light
With Gothic oak sublime.
Beneath its canopy of shade,
Their temples bound with bays,
Are grouped the minstrels that adorn
The mediæval days :
The laurelled Ghibelline, who saw
The Stygian abyss,
The fiery mosques and walls that gird
The capital of Dis ;
The realms of penance and the rings
Of constellated light,
Whose luminous pavilions hold
The righteous robed in white ;
Uranian groves and spherul vales,
Saturnian academes,
Where sainted theologues abide,
Discoursing mystic themes ;
The paradisaal stream, that winds
Through Heaven's unfading bowers,
And on its banks the beauteous maid,
Who called celestial flowers.

Him next, the sweet Valclisian Swan,
Love's laureate, appears,
Who bathed his mistress' willowed urn
With Heliconian tears ;

Certaldo's storied sage—a bard,
Though round his genius rare
The golden manacles of verse
He did not choose to wear.
Those rosy morns, that usher in
Each festal-gladdened day,
His prose depicts in hues as bright
As could the poet's lay.
His ultramontane brother, born
In Albion's shady isle,
Dan Chaucer, of his tameless race
Apollo's eldest child ;
The Medicean banqueter,
Whose Fescennines unfold
The deeds of Heathen Anakim
Compelled to Peter's fold ;
Ferrara's Melesigenes,
Who o'er a wide domain
Of haunted forests, mounts, and seas,
Exerts his magic reign—
A glowing menad, wild and free,
Dishevelled by the wind,
His fancy wantons far and near,
From Thule unto Ind :
Now from her griffin steed alights,
Aleina's palace near ;
Now in the Patmian prophet's ear,
Ascends the lunar sphere ;
Or with Rinaldo wanders through
The Caledonian wood,
Amid whose shades and covert green
Heroic trophies glowed ;
Or paints the mighty Paladin
Transformed to monster gross,
Whose mistress drank in Ardennes lone
The lymph of Anteros.

Next, hapless Tasso, pale and wan,
Released from dungeon grates ;
The sacred legions of the cross
His genius celebrates.
Armida's mountain paradise
Amid the western seas ;
Her dragon-yoke whose winged hooves
Career the viewless breeze.
The sombre forest where encamped
Dark Eblis' minions lay,
With shapes evoked from Orcus' gloom,
To fright his foes away.
Lo ! marble pontifices spring
To arch illusive streams,
And swans and nightingales rehearse
Their moist melodious themes !
The centuried trees are cloven wide,
And forth from every plant
A maiden steps, whose tears might melt
A heart of adamant.
A sudden darkness veils the sky,
And fortresses of fire,
With ruddy towers of pillared flame,
Above the woods aspire.
Transfigured in the morning beam
On Zion's holy height,
Rinaldo puts the dusky form
Of Erebus to flight.

Nor absent from the shining throng
That honied bard, I ween,
Who hung the maiden empress' throne
With garlands ever green.
The Elfin Court's Demodocus,
His lay he carols light,
His fancy's unexhausted urns
Still brimmed with waters bright.

Far distant from the minstrel's bower
Another group is seen,
Who ruled of yore a sylvan race
In western forests green.
Manhattan's sleepy potentates—
Of ox-like girth are they—
The matchless Hudson's waters rolled
Of yore beneath their away.
A filmy air, a vapor thin
Is o'er them seen to rise—
The grateful fume of Indian weed,
So strong to tranquillize.

* Nothing has, as yet, come to us from Japan respecting this feast.

† A piece of furniture, with a drawer in it, and surmounted by a carved dog couchant upon the lid.

The ponderous Twiller dozes still,
Benignant, voiceless, deep;
His council-board, rotund and grave,
Unbroken silence keep.
And still Van Winkle snores and dreams
Upon the mountain side,
Unwakened by the ebbless flow
Of Time's unwearied tide.
And Sleepy Hollow's pedagogue,
In smoky autumn air,
Lies musing of his faithless love—
His Katarina fair.

Those knights are here, who roamed beneath
The forest of the South,
And vast savannahs green and lone,
To find the Fount of Youth.
The towers and fanes they likewise sought
Of Eldorado bright;
Amid magnolian woods and palms
Uprose its turrets light.
Glittered its roofs with golden tiles,
All things of gold were wrought,
Its burghers wore a jaundiced hue
From yellow pavements caught.
But who can number all that haunt
King Oberon's domains?
His lieges are the airy shapes
Conceived in poets' brains,
Their limbs are cast in fairer mould
Than those of common earth;
Their ladies are more beautiful
Than dames of mortal birth.
Perchance the renovated earth will show,
In epochs yet to be,
As goodly men and lovely maids
As those in Faërie.

LITERATURE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S POEMS.*

EVEN grown up men, if they have preserved anything of the heart of childhood, are disposed to clap the hands when, looking up into the sky, they discover new tints in the cloud, streaks of beauty along the horizon, flushing the afternoon, of which the morning gave no promise. As it is, this ceaseless movement and development which form the prime excellence of nature, the hushed and hopeless pause when growth is at its height and we can look for no further glad surprises, fills the eye with tears. When we have reached the outer edge of the circle in which the poet is allowed to walk; when we learn that he has given us the whole sum of his powers, and can furnish no more; when we see that the new book is but a mechanical repetition of the old; he ceases to be to us thenceforth, for ever, the hopeful and glorious guide into endless new realms and boundless tracts of fancy and ever fresh delights. The reader can therefore share our sympathy when we tell him with what solicitude we looked into the new volumes of our early favorite, remembering her ancient power, her courage of soul and speech, the dauntless fidelity to her own sphere and her own convictions, with high hope certainly; with friendly fear, too: for time is busy with us all in jealous depreciation. With what joy and gladness, then, have we discovered no abatement, but tokens everywhere of a noble progress. In truth, the improvement, if we must call it so, is so radical and significant, that whoever should attempt to form a full estimate of the faculty of Mrs. Browning, from the edition of Messrs. Francis (imperfect as it is in many most important respects), even in those poems which are retained in her own authorized publication by Messrs. Chapman and Hall

(the only correct and authentic edition, by the way, in the market), would do that lady a serious wrong. The changes are in some cases slight, no more than a mere cadence or adjective, but almost always so pertinently made as to involve the whole wide interval between commonplace and genius. By way of brief illustration we take the poem of "Earth and Her Praisers," in the two versions, suggesting that all these changes, it is observable, tend to greater clearness and a wider comprehension of Mrs. Browning's genius; even to the omission of the Greek motto at the head. In the first edition we have—

"And now no angel would
Descend with sweet dew silence on my mountains
To glorify the rivers and the fountains
That rush along my side."

In the new edition we have a simple change, but most effective, in the cadence—

"To glorify the lovely river-fountains."

For "I have chased squirrels three,"

"I have hunted squirrels three."

and, throughout, we may mention a general avoidance of the diæresis.

Another of these substitutions is still more striking:—

"Earth, earth!" saith he,
"If spirits, like thy roses, grew
On one stalk; and winds severer
Could but only blow them nearer,
To share each other's dew—
If, when thy summers be
Verduring the hills, I knew,
Looking off them, I might see,
Something beauteous too,
Then, Earth," saith he,
"I would praise—nay, nay, not thee!"

For these quaint, impersonal, and constrained verses, we have this noble substitution of melody and feeling—done with a touch:—

"Earth, Earth!" saith he,
"If spirits, like thy roses, grew
On one stalk, and winds austere
Could but only blow them near,
To share each other's dew;
If, when summer rains agree
To beautify thy hills, I knew,
Looking off them, I might see
Some one very beauteous, too,
Then, Earth," saith he,
"I would praise—nay, nay, not thee!"

So much for the spirit of change which has wrought throughout these volumes.

We cannot omit, among the new poems (not to be found in the Francis edition), a tribute to our country in the verses entitled

HIRAM POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

They say ideal Beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien image with the shackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave, as if the artist meant her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her
Shadowed, not darkened, where the sill expands)
To so confront man's crimes in distant lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre
Art's fiery finger! and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world! Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure height of beauty, against man's
wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face not alone
East griefs, but West; and strike and shame the
strong,
By thunders of white silence overthrown.

While this is grateful to our national pride, there is another American poem in the collection, which we cannot receive without dissent. With all respect and acknowledgment of the pure and elevated impulses which prompt her

in all her utterances, as well of thought as of feeling, we must plainly assure Mrs. Browning that she has erred in her poem of "The Run-away Slave," in as far as it is directed against our American Union. With slavery, whether it be regarded with loathing, liking, or indifference, the Union has nothing to do; the American is not responsible for it: it is purely a local institution: if there is any complaint to utter it should be addressed, respectively, to the citizens where slavery exists; and in the individual States—which are in many, if not most respects, independent communities—you must seek audience and relief. The plan of the American Federation, which hereby proves itself essentially original, seems difficult of apprehension to the foreign mind; and statesmen and practical men have committed the confusion in which our respected poet is involved. We can cheerfully turn from this to a more proper and more truly poetical theme, in

A DEAD ROSE.

I.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in drawer—thy titles shame thee.

II.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

III.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

IV.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now,—would darken where it met thee.

V.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

VI.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up in his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

VII.

The heart doth recognise thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

VIII.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart—which breaks below thee!

Besides these novelties and many others, Mrs. Browning has enriched her "new edition," not only with careful revisions of her previous compositions: she has given us an entirely new version of the Prometheus (which we are pleased to see promised for a new edition of Messrs. Francis) and to which she refers in her London preface, as follows:—"One early failure, a translation of the Prometheus of

* Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New edition. In two volumes. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.
The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In two volumes. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1850.

Æschylus, which, though happily free of the current publication, may be remembered against me by a few personal friends, I have replaced by an entirely new version made for them and my conscience, in expiation of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my native mind."

To state them briefly, the chief characteristics of Mrs. Browning are profound learning harmonized with profound feeling; a range of thought limited only by the subjects within our human grasp and conception: a fearless utterance: at one time defying the utmost verge of language, at another sinking to the humblest tone of familiar and household affection—again literal and Dantesque in matter-of-fact statement—with cadences, too, sweeping onward to the loftiest melodies of speech, alternating with measures scarcely differing from the plain progress of every-day prose—above all a Christian soul, ever present, inspiring, guiding, irradiating the page in mountain and valley, by the hearth of poverty, by the stream of plenty, in the turreted city and far away over the desert back to the first habitation of man, in humble dependence on the Supreme: altogether a combination of gifts and virtues which place this lady in the van of her noble sex—in ancient and modern times. And, as if to heighten the marvel beyond all possible rivalry, we are reminded by the new name in which we have now to write of her, of an alliance with a partner whose genius is as singular, as varied, as deeply-grounded and as far-reaching as that of any writer of our times; a union to which, we believe, there is no equal parallel in history. May the constellation, BROWNING, be seen of men shining far over head in its clear upper region, for a long, long day, quiring its sphere-like music, and shedding its pure and gentle radiance upon paths of meditation and peace!

GEOLOGY OF GOLD.*

Mr. Tyson examined the geology and natural resources of California in the year 1849, and his clear and unvarnished statement at once reveals what must be taken as the reality about this land of golden dreams, and shows that gold in California, though perhaps yielded more plentifully than elsewhere, does not differ in its geological relations from what has been observed in other gold producing regions.

THE SIERRA NEVADA.

"The Sierra first shows itself as a distinct ridge near the northern boundary of Oregon, in west longitude $120^{\circ} 40'$, and extends in a direction nearly south to latitude $38^{\circ} 30'$, from whence its course is southeasterly, but somewhat serpentine, until it unites with the coast range in about latitude $34^{\circ} 30'$, as appears from the investigations of Fremont.

"Southward of this point of union these two mountain ranges become one; which, in extending south south-easterly, in the form of a broad range of moderate elevation, constitute the peninsula of Lower California.

"The Cascade range, according to Wilkes, attains an elevation of 5,000 to 6,000 feet throughout most of its length; but a number of volcanoes extend above its granite summits far into the regions of perpetual snow.

"The observations of Fremont indicate that the ordinary altitude of the Sierra is greater than that of the Cascade mountains, whilst its volcanic peaks, also, are elevated above the inferior limits of perpetual snow.

"These volcanoes, like those of Auvergne,

have apparently forced their way upwards through granite.

"In geological structure the Sierra Nevada much resembles the Andes; and the analogy holds, also, in being, like the Andes, one great ridge, instead of a chain of ridges, such as constitutes the Appalachian mountains east of the Mississippi.

"The eastern flank of the Sierra has no great width, and is much confounded with the apparently irregular mountain masses of the 'Great Basin.'

"Those portions of the western flank that came under my notice are from forty to fifty miles or more wide, with an average rise from the valley in a direct line to the ordinary summits not exceeding, probably, two degrees."

The material of the western flanks of the Sierra, as far as observed, consisted of a vast mass of metamorphic and hypogene rocks, stretching from the Sacramento valley to the axis of the mountain. The average slope is about 180 feet to the mile, and vast ravines have been excavated, reaching along some of the branches of the American River at least 3500 feet. The rocks of the gold-bearing region consist of various slates and hypogene rocks that have been protruded from beneath them. The slate rocks contain numerous veins of quartz, which are without doubt repositories of gold, and probably of other metals, and metallic ores. It is from the destruction of these veins, which existed in the spaces now occupied by the ravines, that the gold has been ground. That these veins are very numerous is manifest from the abundance of fragments of quartz, often stretching in lines on the surface of the hills. The summit of the Sierra was not approached nearer than twenty miles; it is thought that the slate rocks do not reach much further eastward before they are met by granitic aggregates. From the neighborhood of the Yuba a fine view was obtained of the Buttes, a volcanic mass breaking through the valley of the Sacramento in its northern part. Intrusions of trap, porphyry, and serpentine, take place at various points along the slope from the Yuba to the Calaveras, a tributary of the San Joaquin.

THE COAST RANGE.

Near Livermore's ranch Mr. Tyson entered on the coast range, after crossing the valley. It was by a ravine in sandstone of about eight miles in length, by the crooked route travelled. On the eastern side, near the summit, the sandstone beds attain a dip of 30° , and after the summit a series of wave-like stratifications occur for three miles further. Specimens of large oyster shells were observed in the neighborhood; and in a soft marl Mr. Livermore had found large bones, believed by him to have been those of a whale. They had crumbled soon after their exposure to the air. Sandstones appear to be the prevailing rocks, with protrusions of trachyte and other igneous rocks.

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

"In giving an account of this great valley, Fremont calls it a single valley—a single geographical formation near five hundred miles long. In addition, it may be said, its geological structure also proves the correctness of considering it a single valley. It is in fact a long prairie, occupying the space between the flanks of the Sierra Nevada and those of the coast range, closed in on the north by the terminal spurs of the Cascade mountains, and on the south by the junction of the coast range with the Sierra Nevada.

"Its greatest width is little less than sixty miles; but it maintains a mean width of nearly fifty miles throughout almost its entire length. Near its northern limits the Sacramento river,

leaving the valley in which it takes rise, flows through a deep chasm in a spur from the Cascade mountains, and runs through the central portions of this valley until its waters mingle with those of the San Joaquin, which rises in the mountains at the southeastern end of the valley. This meeting of the waters takes place in the delta at the head of Suisun bay."

The question of the possibility of finding coal in the valley is answered by the fact, that comparatively recent rocks of eocene or miocene eras rest immediately on ancient metamorphic and hypogene rocks—

"the remaining members of the secondary, with all the sedimentary rocks of older date, being wholly wanting, and with them the coal formation which belongs to the lowest of the secondary series. A coal formation under the valley is, therefore, out of the question, unless deeply seated and entirely covered, edges and all, by the sedimentary strata before noticed."

Artesian wells, it is believed, will furnish water in great abundance in this valley, and by this means it will become exceedingly productive in an agricultural point of view.

THE VEINS.

At the time Mr. Tyson travelled through the gold region, no instance had occurred of gold having been seen in an undisturbed quartz vein, but the indications were so strong that he suggested a halt for a few days at more than one locality, to uncover the outcrop of the metal-bearing veins. At San Francisco Col. Fremont showed the author specimens of quartz containing gold taken from slate rocks near the Mariposa river.

In a note the author explodes the idea that these veins of quartz could yield anything like \$2.50 or \$3 to the pound. Taking the long-side of the destroyed vein of a ravine at 3000 yards, and the perpendicular 800 yards, and the thickness one yard, 1,200,000 yards will be the cubic contents; each yard weighs 4320 pounds, and at \$2.50 would give \$10,800 for the content of gold. The entire vein, at this rate, would contain 1296 millions of dollars. The results of mining do not countenance such a supposition. Assuming one cent's worth to the pound, the amount left in the surface drift, from the destruction of a single vein, would be fifty-two millions. Such a proportion would put the working entirely out of the question. Connected with this view of the richness of the veins, and what has been realized, Mr. Tyson entertains the conclusion that the gold found in the bottom of the deep and narrow ravines will be exhausted in the course of a very few seasons. The exaggerated estimates of the gold exported from California are commented on, one statement that went the rounds of the papers in Sept. 1849, making the sum 150 millions; the estimate of Mr. Tyson brought this down to 43 millions, and this he considers to be in excess.

A circumstance that may be considered of some importance in the eyes of others than geologists, is, that Mr. Tyson could not find, from any reliable source, that the "species of mollusca," called oysters, had been seen in the waters of California. There is a *univalve*, called the *Haliotis* (*Anglice*, Sea Ear), the animal inhabiting which is eaten by the Indians, and grows to the size of a foot long. Mr. T. unhappily had no opportunity to compare the flavor of this shell fish with that of the other mollusk above alluded to.

THE CLIMATE.

The cold and foggy winds of San Francisco have been recounted by all our returned

* Geology and Industrial Resources of California. By Philip T. Tyson. Baltimore: Published by Wm. Minifie & Co. 1851.

California friends, with no great favor. The following is what Mr. Tyson says on the subject:—

"East of the coast range the sun is rarely obscured by clouds during the dry season. During thirty days from the fourth of July that our party was in the valley and upon the flank of the Sierra Nevada, the sun was only obscured during one afternoon and the following morning. With this exception, we had a clear bright sunshine during every day.

"At San Francisco the temperature of the air rarely reaches as high as eighty degrees; but instead of that equable climate that many looked for, the maximum and minimum within the twenty-four hours often differ as much as 30°. During the rainy season the temperature seldom falls below 40°, and snow is so rare an occurrence near the coast, that when enough fell upon one occasion, during the winter of 1848-49, to whiten the hill tops, the superstitions of some of the older residents attributed it to the coming of the 'Yankees.'"

AGRICULTURE.

The following extracts as to the animal and vegetable products of the country will be found of interest to agricultural emigrants:—

"The oxen are better than the best in the United States in their ability to perform severe labor. They are very large, well formed animals, and, as well as the cows, would astonish our farmers if some of the best were exhibited at our eastern cattle-shows.

"The horses are rather small and delicately formed; but if pains were taken in crossing the breeds, a superior race of these animals could be reared. Like their Barbary progenitors, they are capable of long-continued exertion without food or water.

"The success which has followed the efforts of Americans and others in raising chickens, proves the climate in many parts to be well adapted to this class of poultry, especially where the heavy dews (so destructive to poultry in the United States) do not prevail. I did not notice turkeys, but it might be expected they would succeed better even than chickens. The vicinity of the water-courses affords admirable situations for rearing the aquatic classes of poultry here, as elsewhere.

"Heavy crops of wheat may be readily raised over a very large extent of country northward of Point Conception, embracing such portions of the Sacramento valley as are not overflowed in the winter, or which are not covered by sand and gravel, as well as upon the greater portion of the hills and valleys of the coast range.

"The range of oats is co-extensive with that of wheat; in fact, a large area of country within the Sacramento valley, and westward thereof, is annually covered with wild oats; and in the richest lands it grows most luxuriantly, forming an important item of pasturage; and, even for months after it is entirely dry, cattle and horses will actually fatten upon it.

"The plant which abounds in portions of the southern country, and is called 'burr clover,' is much liked by graminivorous animals.

"Another plant, called 'pin-grass,' from the shape of its seed vessel, but which is not a grass, is much relished by horses and cattle, and enjoys the advantage of living through the summer in comparatively dry situations.

"The common garden pea does remarkably well in the northwest, without irrigation.

"The frijole, so often praised as a table vegetable in California, is very similar to the ordinary 'marrow-fat' kidney bean, and requires irrigation in most of the country.

"Apples and pears are found to do remarkably well in the north, as the orchards planted by the Russians at their farming establishment at Ross testify. Peaches were raised at all the missions; but as that fruit requires for the protection of the tree against insects, and for the full development of its luscious flavor, a climate cold in winter with

a protracted hot summer, it will best succeed among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada.

"A very large proportion of the country is found to be peculiarly adapted to the growth and perfection of the grape.

"Among fruits that can be produced for export or consumption at home, are figs, olives, dates, and prunes. The caper shrub would thrive in that climate, without doubt.

"The many small islands along the coast and in the bays are covered with guano, deposited by the myriads of sea-fowl which frequent them.

"The quality of this material must be better and better to the southward, and it cannot be doubted but the guano on the coast of Lower California is at least equal to that of Peru."

We are inclined to place great reliance on the views expressed by Mr. Tyson on the subject of the future prospects of gold mining in California. Certainly, his sketch gives the best idea of the main geological features of this interesting country, besides other particulars of its physical conditions, divested of that inaccuracy that continually accompanies casual or prejudiced observations.

THE AUTHOR OF JANE EYRE, &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF ELLIS AND ACTON BELL.

By Currer Bell (Miss Brontë) in the preface to a new London edition of *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*.

"It has been thought that all works published under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, were, in reality, the production of one person. This mistake I endeavored to rectify by a few words of disclaimer prefixed to the third edition of *Jane Eyre*. These too, it appears, failed to gain general credence, and now, on the occasion of a reprint of *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, I am advised distinctly to state how the case really stands.

"Indeed, I feel myself that it is time the obscurity attending those two names—Ellis and Acton Bell—was done away. The little mystery, which formerly yielded some harmless pleasure, has lost its interest; circumstances are changed. It becomes, then, my duty to explain briefly the origin and authorship of the books written by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

"About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves re-united, and at home. Resident in a remote district, where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyment and occupations of life. The highest stimulus, as well as the liveliest pleasure we had known from childhood upwards, lay in attempts at literary composition; formerly we used to show each other what we wrote, but of late years this habit of communication and consultation had been discontinued; hence it ensued, that we were mutually ignorant of the progress we might respectively have made.

"One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally alighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music—wild, melancholy, and elevating.

"My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the re-

cesses of whose mind and feelings, even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. I knew, however, that a mind like hers could not be without some latent spark of honorable ambition, and refused to be discouraged in my attempts to fan that spark into a flame.

"Meantime my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses, too, had a sweet pathos of their own.

"We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished, even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistence: it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at avowing Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called 'feminine'—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward a flattery, which is not true praise.

"The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted; but for this we had been prepared at the outset; though inexperienced ourselves, we had read the experience of others. The great puzzle lay in the difficulty of getting answers of any kind from the publishers, to whom we applied. Being greatly harassed by this obstacle, I ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, for a word of advice; they may have forgotten the circumstance, but I have not, for from them I received a brief and business-like, but civil and sensible reply, on which we acted, and at last made a way.

"The book was printed: it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems, has not, indeed, received the confirmation of much favorable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding.

"Ill-success failed to crush us; the mere efforts to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale: Ellis Bell produced *Wuthering Heights*, Acton Bell *Agnes Grey*, and Currer Bell also a narrative in one volume. These MSS. were perseveringly obtruded upon various publishers, for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal.

"At last, *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors; Currer Bell's book found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade his heart. As a forlorn hope, he tried one publishing-house more—Messrs. Smith and Elder. Ere long—in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught him to calculate—there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary expectation of finding two hard, hope-

less lines, intimating that 'Messrs. Smith and Elder were not disposed to publish the MS.' and, instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale, for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done. It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

"I was then just completing *Jane Eyre*, at which I had been working while the one volume tale was plodding its weary round in London: in three weeks I sent it off; friendly and skilful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847; it came out before the close of October following, while *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, my sisters' works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management.

"They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them justice. The immature but very real powers revealed in *Wuthering Heights* were scarcely recognised; its import and nature were misunderstood; the identity of its author was misrepresented; it was said that this was an earlier and ruder attempt of the same pen which had produced *Jane Eyre*. Unjust and grievous error! We laughed at it at first, but I deeply lament it now. Hence, I fear, arose a prejudice against the book. That writer who could attempt to palm off an inferior and immature production under cover of one successful effort, must indeed be unduly eager after the secondary and sordid result of authorship, and pitifully indifferent to its true and honorable meed. If reviewers and the public truly believed this, no wonder that they looked darkly on the cheat.

"Yet I must not be understood to make these things subject for reproach or complaint; I dare not do so; respect for my sister's memory forbids me. By her any such querulous manifestation would have been regarded as an unworthy and offensive weakness.

"It is my duty, as well as my pleasure, to acknowledge one exception to the general rule of criticism. One writer,* endowed with the keen vision and fine sympathies of genius, has discerned the real nature of *Wuthering Heights*, and has, with equal accuracy, noticed its beauties and touched on its faults. Too often do reviewers remind us of the mob of astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers, gathering before the 'writing on the wall,' and unable to read the characters or make known the interpretation. We have a right to rejoice when a true seer comes at last, some man in whom is an excellent spirit, to whom have been given light, wisdom, and understanding; who can accurately read the 'mene, mene, tekel upharsin' of an original mind (however unripe, however inefficiently cultured and partially expanded that mind may be); and who can say with confidence, 'This is the interpretation thereof.'

"Yet, even the writer to whom I allude shares the mistake about the authorship, and does me the injustice to suppose that there was equivocation in my former rejection of this honor (as an honor, I regard it). May I assure him that I would scorn in this, and in every other case, to deal in equivocation; I believe language to have been given us to make our

meaning clear, and not to warp it in dishonest doubt.

"*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, by Acton Bell, had likewise an unfavorable reception. At this I cannot wonder. The choice of subject was an entire mistake. Nothing less congruous with the writer's nature could be conceived. The motives which dictated this choice were pure, but, I think, slightly morbid. She had, in the course of her life, been called on to contemplate, near at hand and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents misused and faculties abused; hers was naturally a sensitive, reserved, and dejected nature; what she said sank very deeply into her mind; it did her harm. She brooded over it till she believed it to be a duty to reproduce every detail (of course with fictitious characters, incidents, and situations), as a warning to others. She hated her work, but would pursue it. When reasoned with on the subject, she regarded such reasonings as a temptation to self-indulgence. She must be honest; she must not varnish, soften, or conceal. This well meant resolution brought on her misconstruction and some abuse, which she bore, as it was her custom to bear whatever was unpleasant, with mild, steady patience. She was a very sincere and practical Christian, but the tinge of religious melancholy communicated a sad shade to her brief, blameless life.

"Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself for one moment to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again. I would fain think that hope and the sense of power were yet strong within them. But a great change approached: affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look on, grief. In the very heat and burden of the day, the laborers failed over their work.

"My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-grounded in my memory; but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had ever known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish, and wonder, and love. I had seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render.

"Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19th, 1848.

"We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct information that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she

followed in the same path with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed, that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849.

"What more shall I say about them? I cannot and need not say much more. In externals, they were two unobtrusive women; a perfectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits. In Emily's nature the extremes of vigor and simplicity seemed to meet. Under an unsophisticated culture, inartificial tastes, and an unpretending outside, lay a secret power and fire that might have informed the brain and kindled the veins of a hero; but she had no worldly wisdom; her powers were unadapted to the practical business of life; she would fail to defend her most manifest rights, to consult her most legitimate advantage. An interpreter ought always to have stood between her and the world. Her will was not very flexible, and it generally opposed her interest. Her temper was magnanimous, but warm and sudden; her spirit altogether unbending.

"Anne's character was milder and more subdued; she wanted the power, the fire, the originality of her sister, but was well endowed with quiet virtues of her own. Long-suffering, self-denying, reflective, and intelligent, a constitutional reserve and taciturnity placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nun-like veil, which was rarely lifted. Neither Emily nor Anne were learned; they had no thought of filling their pitchers at the well-spring of other minds; they always wrote from the impulse of nature, the dictates of intuition, and from such stores of observation as their limited experience had enabled them to amass.

DR. JOHN C. LORD'S LECTURES.*

THE distinction between civilization and Christianity, and the mutual dependence of the two, offer points of speculation, which, rightly considered, open before us the whole field of human cultivation, in the individual and the race, and the most august contemplation of the destiny of mankind. Dr. Lord, a clergyman of Buffalo, has brought this important topic before the notice of his fellow-citizens in two lectures before the Young Men's Association of his city, in which he seeks to relieve certain philosophies of the day of an argument by which they would dispense with revealed Christianity. By a variety of illustrations drawn from ancient and extinct civilizations he combats the idea of a self-generating, self-sustaining, progressive society, by which infidelity would sustain itself in the moral world of history as it has sought to do in the creative theories of nature. Dr. Lord appeals with force to the old poets, the old orators, the wisdom of Chaldeans, Egyptians—the ancient arts of three thousand years ago—for proofs of that old government of the world heaven-derived in the garden of Eden, with respect to which in the eloquent language of South, "an Aristotle is but the rubbish of an Adam, an Athens but the ruins of a Paradise."

Dr. Lord pushes his positions with boldness and vigor, with general force of expression, weakened, however, at times by its constantly

* See the *Palladium* for September, 1850.

* Lectures on the Progress of Civilization and Government, and other Subjects. By John C. Lord, D.D. Buffalo: Derby & Co.

sustained high pressure. He is all whip and spur from the first moment to the last; and is unconscious, apparently, of some of the milder arts of insinuating rhetoric and persuasion, by which the militant orator plants his forces now in ambuscade, then steals through a defile preparatory to a skirmish on the plain or a rousing cannonade from an entrenched height. These things, however, are matters of temperament. We must get the orator in parts, despairing of the perfect whole.

One of the lectures of this volume is something of a novelty, a fanciful and moralizing essay on the star Aldebaran, which is made the vehicle for an entertaining onslaught on some of the devices of the day.

The Land of Ophir is a pleasant treatment of a now familiar subject, with several good American points thrown out for his audience; among others, a tribute to Daniel Boon, as the subject of Byron's eulogy. The "letter" to which the lecturer alludes, "in an ancient magazine," we should like to have the opportunity of presenting to our readers.

We commend this volume for its spirit and energy, and the soundness of its views on questions of morality, to the attention of our readers.

SMITH'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.*

THE specialty of this new octavo dictionary is its condensed presentation of the latest results of the best foreign scholarship in a form the most convenient for pupils, and perhaps the most generally acceptable to the public. In a volume no larger than our old friend Lemprière, who appears now to be finally and for ever shelved, and as unlike as possible in its scope, accuracy, and acumen, Dr. Anthon, the prescriptive worker in this field, draws off from the copious stores of his contemporaries, and his own bountiful resources in his "larger" work, what is most desirable to be presented of the proper names, the heroes, the gods, the localities of the two civilizations of Greece and Rome.

The history of this book would be the history of modern scholarship, along the path of which the American editor has, during the last quarter of a century, erected many noticeable landmarks. At a time when students were far less numerous than they are now, and bookselling capital too inconsiderable to seek extensive investment; when the pecuniary rewards were slight, and the honor of the labor was mostly at home in the breast of the laborer, Charles Anthon was bent upon the improvement of the means of classical studies. His books acquired influence, and gradually grew in bulk and number, emerging from the retired printing establishment to the daylight of Broadway, till they came in every variety of learned illustration, Greek and Latin, to occupy their present pages in the great catalogue of Cliff Street. W. E. Dean the printer, the Trade associating in subscriptions, G. & C. Carvill, and the Messrs. Harper, were the successive Sossis of this enterprise. We have before us a wail memorandum of one of these early undertakings, an answer by the learned editor, of Columbia College, to a printer's application, in which the exceedingly small copyright compensation asked is only equalled by the clearness and extent of the proposed classical improvements. Notes since that time have multiplied, both the professor's and the publishers'.

* A New Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography, partly based upon the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, by William Smith, LL.D. Revised, with numerous corrections and additions, by Charles Anthon, LL.D. Harper & Brothers.

Dr. William Smith is well known from his copious Cyclopedias of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, &c.; of a portion of these, the basis of the present work is a compendium, a school Classical Dictionary. It has just appeared in London, and by a purchase of the proof sheets passes into the hands of the Messrs. Harper. Dr. Anthon's enlargements are considerable, embracing more than fourteen hundred independent articles, while his corrections of errata, &c., are numerous and important. The original German authors are resorted to, and their labors handsomely complimented in the enthusiastic opening of the American preface; while, by the way, that tenuous old classical boggler, Lemprière, who "still has a lingering existence in certain parts of our country," is disposed of with the zeal of a Euclid-burying party of students at Yale. "On this head the English editor speaks strongly; in point of literary or scientific value, Lemprière's dictionary is dead—'requiescat in pace'—and to put it into a boy's hands now as a guide in classical matters would be as wise and as useful as giving him some mystic treatise of the Middle Ages on alchemy, to serve as a text-book in Christianity. The present work contains all the names of any value to a schoolboy occurring in Lemprière, and a great many not in that work, while the information is derived from the fountain-head, and not from the diluted stream of French encyclopedias."

GRACE AGUILAR'S WOMEN OF ISRAEL.*

THE publications of Grace Aguilar exhibit feeling, sensibility, a cultivated understanding, and a peculiar ease and fluency of expression. When we remember the circumstances under which they were written, the remarkably early development of the writer (she commenced, we are told, a journal at seven, and wrote a drama on Gustavus Vasa at twelve), the depressing conditions of ill health and family cares which accompanied her, the extreme fragility of her latter days, and her death in her thirty-first year—with the number of the books which she left for the world, her career appears one of the most extraordinary in the annals of literature. These publications, "Home Influence," "Woman's Friendship," "Mother's Recompense," the "Vale of Cedars," &c., have surprised the public by the rapidity of their publication, as the voluminous works of a writer whose course ended at the age when that of most writers begins; nor has their subject matter been less noticeable.

The present, the latest of the American republications, shows the authoress in her best light—a daughter of Israel interpreting the "Women of Israel." It is something more than a rhapsody on a favorite text, being the result of reading, judgment, and reflection, with no little candor in its progress; the asperities of a long persecuted and despised people, being returned to the Christian world in lessons of love and kindness. Stating in their full force the Jewish points of view of the author, there is enough here in full force of universal gentleness and sympathy. To us the most charming trait in the book is the readiness with which the amiable mind of its composer finds "the soul of goodness in things evil." The Law has everywhere by its side the angel of Mercy. The opening chapter on Eve will win the hearts of all women.

The Heroines of the Old Testament have

* The Women of Israel. By Grace Aguilar, author of "Woman's Friendship," &c. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co.

been much written about, but never with less of the air of bookmaking than in this production. The author was qualified to speak by her faith, her talents, and her virtues.

MR. BOHN'S POPULAR LIBRARIES.

It gives us pleasure to write the word *popular* in connexion with the books which Mr. Bohn is now sending forth in his cheap series of publications. We have often called attention to his enterprise, which seems now settling down on a more substantial basis than ever. With Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying; Goethe's Faust, Iphigenia, &c.; the continuation of a new translation of the works of Plato; the Offices and Moral Treatises of Cicero, which are among the latest issues; we have the best standard and world-wide authors. Nor are these mere hack reprints; but, on the contrary, well edited works, with the commentaries of able scholars. The new volume of Plato, for instance, is from the pen of George Bruges, the editor of Mr. Priestley's variorum edition of Plato, of 1826. It contains, with notes and introductions, translations of the Meno, Euthydemus, Sophist, Statesman, Cratylus, Parmenides, and Banquet. The volume of Cicero is a new translation by Cyrus R. Edmonds, with notes following the observations of Dunlop, and parallel passages from modern English moralists. It is a literal translation, with a relish of the Italian, which may be acceptable, rather than the reverse, to the general reader. In the *Illustrated Series* we have also a new volume, *Killo's Scripture Lands*, a series of historical, geographical, and topographical sketches, illustrated by a complete Biblical atlas in twenty-four maps, with a full and elaborate index of references. The comprehensiveness and faithfulness of this manual are remarkable. The maps, though necessarily minute, are printed with care and clearness. The Index is in itself a treasury of Biblical knowledge. In the preparation of the letterpress the author handsomely acknowledges his indebtedness to the American authorities.

The Decline of Popery, and its Causes: a Address at the Broadway Tabernacle, by Rev. N. Murray, D.D. *Triangle: the Catholic Question Considered*, by Rev. Abel C. Thomas. W. F. Burgess.—These publications are drawn forth by Archbishop Hughes's challenge in his "Decline of Protestantism." Without entering into the merits of the question, it is a sufficient index of these pamphlets to remark, that the former is a trenchant comparison, in round emphatic terms, of the present and past historical positions of Roman Catholicism; while the "Triangle" of the latter is the Church "Autocratic" in Bishop Hughes, "Aristocratic" in Protestant orthodoxy, and "Democratic" in the view of the writer—"the Protestant principle without prescription and without restriction."

Practical Mercantile Correspondence: a Collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, &c., &c., by William Anderson. Appleton & Co.—A useful work, supplying a very large number of formulas, copies of letters, forms of bills, invoices, account sales, &c., in use in mercantile affairs, which may afford a hint or a suggestion to those practically acquainted with business, and facilitate the acquisition of knowledge by clerks, book-keepers, &c. Much of such matter must of course be of a general character. Established forms may be resorted to in such cases, and a certain mercantile phraseology may be acquired, upon which, however, too much reliance should not be placed. A sound, able essay on the leading ideas in the chief departments of commerce would add to the value of these examples, which, like law forms and the "ready letter-writers," the love-letters in the *Home Journal*, &c., are to be used with discretion.

A Practical System of Modern Geography, for Exercises on Maps. By John J. Anderson. Redfield.—Mr. Anderson is Principal of one of the leading Ward Schools of this city, and his book is in the best spirit of composition for such an institution. It is confined to the necessary leading ideas of climate, political division, &c., with an unusually full exposition of outline and localities, the exercises being all directly referred to the map. This book, with the capital German method of drawing a skeleton outline on a blackboard, and sketching the mountain chains and river courses, dotting the towns, supplies a highly useful elementary manual for the position of places, &c.

Stoddard's Juvenile Mental Arithmetic—Introductory Lessons and Mental Exercises. Cornish, Lamport & Co.—With the preceding a highly practical elementary couple of volumes for the use of schools and academies. The compiler is a graduate of the State Normal School, and his books may be taken as a satisfactory proof of the wide awake practical mental training which is giving character to our popular educational institutions.

Brown's Angler's Almanac for 1851. J. J. Brown & Co.—Every true angler, we presume, will swear by his own Almanac, there being enough *esprit de corps* in the fraternity to support Mr. Brown in his pleasant annual undertaking. Besides the essential "time and tide" calculations for all parts of the Union this production contains various profitable hints, with an amusing miscellany to relieve the mind of the Waltonian when skies are not quite as propitious and fish not quite so accommodating as might be desired.

The Private Prayer Book: Being a Collection of Devotions for Daily and Hourly Use; compiled from Holy Scriptures and Godly Writings. By W. H. Odenheimer, A.M. Rector of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia. Phila.: Herman Hooker.—The author of this manual has availed himself of the labors of Bp. Cosin, Jeremy Taylor, and other English devotional writers, and has thus put in attainable shape the best things in the writings of the best Anglican ritualists. For the members of the Episcopal church in America, this is undoubtedly by far the best companion for private devotion that has yet appeared in our country. It is easy, too, to adapt these prayers, &c., to the exercises of family worship. The book is a convenient and broad-paged duodecimo.

Hymns for Little Children. By the author of "The Lord of the Forest," "Verses for Holy Seasons," and "The Baron's Little Daughter." First American Edition. Phila.: H. Hooker.—These Hymns are by a lady, we should think, and really contain much sweet and genuine poetry, in a true, simple, and childlike guise. We confess to very much pleasure in reading them, and believe them admirably fitted for their purpose for families and Sunday schools in the Episcopal church.

Graham's Magazine—Sartain's Magazine. February. Dewitt & Davenport.—Graham contains, with other excellent papers, two critical articles by Mr. Tuckerman on Edward Everett and the Edinburgh Reviewer, Jeffrey. The former is complimented for his peculiar "grace of occasion." Of Jeffrey's landing in New York during the War of 1812, an amusing anecdote is told, touching a protracted custom-house examination on the deck of the vessel off the Battery. "The little man, swelling with indignation, turned to his burly tormentor with the question—à la Cæsar—'Sir, do you know who I am?' 'Yes,' replied the officer, 'you are the editor of a Scotch Magazine,' and continued his examination." Jeffrey's style as a reviewer is closely tested. Sartain's Magazine has a capital Essay by Mrs. Kirkland on Lion Hunting; attractive papers by John S. Dwight, Miss Bremer, and others, and a joint portraiture of William and Mary Howitt.

Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.—Parts 23, 24 are now ready at the depot of Messrs. Tallis & Co., with the continuation of Mrs. Ellis's History of a Human Heart, papers on the Dalwich Gallery of Paintings, of which Hazlitt wrote so well, Female Emigration, Giving and Grudging—witnessing to

the improved stamina of this popular class of publications. The 27th number of *Martin's British Colonies* is also ready, containing the statistics, natural products, &c., of Van Diemen's Land, with a general map of Polynesia. The second part of *Tallis's Dramatic Magazine* sustains the promise of the first, with portrait of Miss Isabella Glyn, in her proper person, and in character as Lady Macbeth, an introductory paper on the rise and progress of the European drama, a continuation of Mr. Bernard's "Retrospections of the Stage," with his experience of the early American theatres, passages from Mr. Marston's Philip of France, &c. This magazine is worth taking in, not merely by the stage amateur, but for its general literary interest. *Horne's Napoleon*, 13—16, with the designs of Vernet, Gilbert, &c. The Illustrated *Don Quixote*, parts 16—18, with engravings after Tony Johannot. Parts 7, 8 of *Bambridge's Scripture History* for the Young, and 12 of *Fleetwood's Life of Christ*, are also ready by this house.

Disturnell's Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Book, and United States National Register, for 1851, are two useful companions for the counting-room, well posted up with the latest intelligence in their several departments. Both are condensed and portable, and combine cheapness of price with exquisite fulness of information.

Part 32 of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s *Illustrated Shakespeare*, includes Cymbeline, with a portrait of Imogen.

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Isaac Hays, M.D., Editor. January. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.—Article second, upon the use of Cod Liver Oil, by Dr. Leveick, Resident Physician to the Penn. Hospital, is very interesting. He concludes by saying:—"Our experience has not been quite so gratifying as has that of some others, yet the writer is fully prepared to say that he believes cod liver oil to be by far the best remedy for phthisis pulmonalis of which we have at this time any knowledge"—Article five contains accounts of many cases of remarkable abstinence from food. In one case, reported by Dr. Taylor of Ohio, a man refused food for ten days, then eat a full meal. "From that day he desisted from food, or drink, or speaking, for fourteen days and nights: during that time he appeared not to be weakened. On the fifteenth day he yielded to his wife, and drank a small quantity of water; walked up stairs to a more convenient room; and after a few days, spoke a few words to his wife, but again refused to talk to any person, or observe anything that was passing around. Yet he would drink a little water with some milk in it, but not more than a gill a day, to the greatest extent, and oftentimes refusing this for several days at a time." Thus he continued till death, having lived about one hundred days in an almost constant state of abstinence. He was, from a weight of 165 pounds, emaciated to a skeleton. He did not appear to be crazy, but to have formed a determination to die by starvation. Embarrassment in business was the cause.—Another took nothing but water for thirty-nine days, and died after living in a state of almost entire starvation one year, eight months, and sixteen days, and fifty-one days without food of any kind. Many other cases are given.

New York Journal of Medicine. January. R. F. Hudson, Agent.—This number commences with a trenchant article from the vigorous pen of Dr. C. R. Gilman, of this city, on the "Use and Abuse of the Speculum." The Doctor, as usual, is on the right side. Dr. Lee reports a case of ascites, where 140 gallons of fluid were removed in one year, nine months, and two days. A slashing review of Davis's History of Medicine in the United States is followed by one almost as severe against Amos Dean's (of Albany) Principles of Medical Jurisprudence.

The American Journal of Insanity. January. Utica.—The present number contains many interesting articles. One on the "Legal Relations

of the Insane," by Dr. Ray, is of the most popular character.

The London Lancet. January. Stringer & Townsend.—All those who are troubled with any impediment of speech, would do well to read Mr. Wright's lecture on stammering and stuttering. An article on the *Ricinus Communis* is of importance. The leaves of this plant made into a cataplasm, and applied to the mammary glands for three days, result in a copious secretion of milk. The introductory lectures of the various English Schools of Medicine are here published. A portrait of Sir James M'Gregor, Director General of the Medical Department of the Army, is noteworthy.

Homoæopathic Domestic Physician, containing the Treatment of Diseases. By J. H. Pulte. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 1850.—As by this theory of medicine disease is left entirely to nature, there is no necessity to employ a physician of this faith. As a matter of economy, therefore, it will be advisable for the credulous to buy this manual, and so save the fees.

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OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE.

(Prepared from the Best Authorities.)

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"There is also among the papers an autograph journal, by Marquette, of his last voyage, from the 25th of October, 1674, to the 6th of April, 1675, a month before his singular death, which occurred on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Also, a chart of the Mississippi drawn by himself, illustrating his travels. The one annexed to Thevenot's account, above referred to, a copy of which is contained in the third volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, is manifestly incorrect, as there is a variance between the route of the Jesuit as traced on his map, and that detailed in his text. The manuscript chart now rescued from oblivion reconciles all discrepancies, and constitutes a most interesting historical relic."

An interesting ceremony which recently took place at the *Ecole Armenienne*, Rue de Monsieur, collected together in this establishment a large part of the Ottomans now residing in Paris. This was the distribution of prizes, which takes place every year at this season. Abbé Bertain, grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Paris, presided this year. His Excellency, Kemal Effendi, Inspector General of the Schools of the Ottoman Empire, now charged with a scientific mission in Europe, was present at this celebration, as was also Riza-Bey, chief secretary of the legation of Turkey, who represented, on this occasion, his chef the Prince Calliwaki. It is well known that this School, founded by means of a legacy bequeathed for this purpose by a rich Armenian banker, Samuel Moorat, is conducted by the Mekhitarists, an order of Armenian monks, who possess a magnificent convent at Venice. In this capacity, and as subjects of the Sultan, they have collected a number of Orientals in their establishment. Several discourses were pronounced in the course of the ceremony. Mr. Aiwazowsky, the principal, faithfully recounted the happy results obtained by the Armenian College since its foundation. Kemal Effendi addressed to him in Turkish a few words of congratulation, which were immediately translated by his interpreter; after which the Abbé Bertain, in the name of the Archbishop, extolled in eloquent terms the lively and enlightened solicitude of the Sultan Abdulmedjid for his Christian subjects—a solicitude which, as the last news from Syria proves, seems never to be likely to be wanting to them. These words of the Grand Vicar were greatly applauded.—(*Journal des Debats*.)

There has just been discovered in St. Just, the cathedral of Narbonne, an immense bas-relief of the latter part of the fourteenth century, which for forty years had been covered by more modern decorations. This precious monument of Christian Iconography represents Hell. The part already brought out is very much mutilated, but it is hoped that the rest is in a better condition. The archaeological commission of Narbonne is engaged in taking measures for preserving to the cause of science this *morceau*, so interesting in more than one respect.—(*Lb.*)

The Minister of Public Instruction has charged a committee to examine the new building of the Library of St. Geneviève, et d'en prendre reception s'il y avait lieu. This committee, in the course of last month, visited this institution, and has pointed out certain arrangements to be made in the interior, for the purpose of rendering

A Practical System of Modern Geography, for Exercises on Maps. By John J. Anderson. Redfield.—Mr. Anderson is Principal of one of the leading Ward Schools of this city, and his book is in the best spirit of composition for such an institution. It is confined to the necessary leading ideas of climate, political division, &c., with an unusually full exposition of outline and localities, the exercises being all directly referred to the map. This book, with the capital German method of drawing a skeleton outline on a blackboard, and sketching the mountain chains and river courses, dotting the towns, supplies a highly useful elementary manual for the position of places, &c.

Stoddard's Juvenile Mental Arithmetic—Introductory Lessons and Mental Exercises. Cornish, Lampert & Co.—With the preceding a highly practical elementary couple of volumes for the use of schools and academies. The compiler is a graduate of the State Normal School, and his books may be taken as a satisfactory proof of the wide awake practical mental training which is giving character to our popular educational institutions.

Brown's Angler's Almanac for 1851. J. J. Brown & Co.—Every true angler, we presume, will swear by his own Almanac, there being enough *esprit de corps* in the fraternity to support Mr. Brown in his pleasant annual undertaking. Besides the essential "time and tide" calculations for all parts of the Union this production contains various profitable hints, with an amusing miscellany to relieve the mind of the Waltonian when skies are not quite as propitious and fish not quite so accommodating as might be desired.

The Private Prayer Book: Being a Collection of Devotions for Daily and Hourly Use; compiled from Holy Scriptures and Godly Writings. By W. H. Odenheimer, A.M. Rector of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia. Phila.: Herman Hooker.—The author of this manual has availed himself of the labors of Bp. Cosin, Jeremy Taylor, and other English devotional writers, and has thus put in attainable shape the best things in the writings of the best Anglican ritualists. For the members of the Episcopal church in America, this is undoubtedly by far the best companion for private devotion that has yet appeared in our country. It is easy, too, to adapt these prayers, &c., to the exercises of family worship. The book is a convenient and broad-paged duodecimo.

Hymns for Little Children. By the author of "The Lord of the Forest," "Verses for Holy Seasons," and "The Baron's Little Daughter." First American Edition. Phila.: H. Hooker.—These Hymns are by a lady, we should think, and really contain much sweet and genuine poetry, in a true, simple, and childlike guise. We confess to very much pleasure in reading them, and believe them admirably fitted for their purpose for families and Sunday schools in the Episcopal church.

Graham's Magazine—Sartain's Magazine. February. Dewitt & Davenport.—Graham contains, with other excellent papers, two critical articles by Mr. Tuckerman on Edward Everett and the Edinburgh Reviewer, Jeffrey. The former is complimented for his peculiar "grace of occasion." Of Jeffrey's landing in New York during the War of 1812, an amusing anecdote is told, touching a protracted custom-house examination on the deck of the vessel off the Battery. "The little man, swelling with indignation, turned to his burly tormentor with the question—à la Cæsar—Sir, do you know who I am?" "Yes," replied the officer, "you are the editor of a Scotch Magazine," and continued his examination." Jeffrey's style as a reviewer is closely tested. Sartain's Magazine has a capital Essay by Mrs. Kirkland on Lion Hunting; attractive papers by John S. Dwight, Miss Bremer, and others, and a joint portraiture of William and Mary Howitt.

Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.—Parts 23, 24 are now ready at the depot of Messrs. Tallis & Co., with the continuation of Mrs. Ellis's History of a Human Heart, papers on the Dalwich Gallery of Paintings, of which Hazlitt wrote so well, Female Emigration, Giving and Grudging—witnessing to

the improved stamina of this popular class of publications. The 27th number of *Martin's British Colonies* is also ready, containing the statistics, natural products, &c., of Van Diemen's Land, with a general map of Polynesia. The second part of *Tallis's Dramatic Magazine* sustains the promise of the first, with portrait of Miss Isabella Glyn, in her proper person, and in character as Lady Macbeth, an introductory paper on the rise and progress of the European drama, a continuation of Mr. Bernard's "Retrospections of the Stage," with his experience of the early American theatres, passages from Mr. Marston's Philip of France, &c. This magazine is worth taking in, not merely by the stage amateur, but for its general literary interest. *Horne's Napoleon*, 13—16, with the designs of Vernet, Gilbert, &c. The Illustrated *Don Quixote*, parts 16—18, with engravings after Tony Johannot. Parts 7, 8 of *Bambridge's Scripture History* for the Young, and 12 of *Fleetwood's Life of Christ*, are also ready by this house.

Disturnell's Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Book, and United States National Register, for 1851, are two useful companions for the counting-room, well posted up with the latest intelligence in their several departments. Both are condensed and portable, and combine cheapness of price with exquisite fullness of information.

Part 32 of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s *Illustrated Shakespeare*, includes Cymbeline, with a portrait of Imogen.

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Isaac Hays, M.D., Editor. January. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.—Article second, upon the use of Cod Liver Oil, by Dr. Levick, Resident Physician to the Penn. Hospital, is very interesting. He concludes by saying:—"Our experience has not been quite so gratifying as has that of some others, yet the writer is fully prepared to say that he believes cod liver oil to be by far the best remedy for phthisis pulmonalis of which we have at this time any knowledge."—Article five contains accounts of many cases of remarkable abstinence from food. In one case, reported by Dr. Taylor of Ohio, a man refused food for ten days, then eat a full meal. "From that day he desisted from food, or drink, or speaking, for fourteen days and nights: during that time he appeared not to be weakened. On the fifteenth day he yielded to his wife, and drank a small quantity of water; walked up stairs to a more convenient room; and after a few days, spoke a few words to his wife, but again refused to talk to any person, or observe anything that was passing around. Yet he would drink a little water with some milk in it, but not more than a gill a day, to the greatest extent, and oftentimes refusing this for several days at a time." Thus he continued till death, having lived about one hundred days in an almost constant state of abstinence. He was, from a weight of 165 pounds, emaciated to a skeleton. He did not appear to be crazy, but to have formed a determination to die by starvation. Embarrassment in business was the cause.—Another took nothing but water for thirty-nine days, and died after living in a state of almost entire starvation one year, eight months, and sixteen days, and fifty-one days without food of any kind. Many other cases are given.

New York Journal of Medicine. January. R. F. Hudson, Agent.—This number commences with a trenchant article from the vigorous pen of Dr. C. R. Gilman, of this city, on the "Use and Abuse of the Speculum." The Doctor, as usual, is on the right side. Dr. Lee reports a case of ascites, where 140 gallons of fluid were removed in one year, nine months, and two days. A slashing review of Davis's History of Medicine in the United States is followed by one almost as severe against Amos Dean's (of Albany) Principles of Medical Jurisprudence.

The American Journal of Insanity. January. Utica.—The present number contains many interesting articles. One on the "Legal Relations

of the Insane," by Dr. Ray, is of the most popular character.

The London Lancet. January. Stringer & Townsend.—All those who are troubled with any impediment of speech, would do well to read Mr. Wright's lecture on stammering and stuttering. An article on the *Ricinus Communis* is of importance. The leaves of this plant made into a cataplasm, and applied to the mammary glands for three days, result in a copious secretion of milk. The introductory lectures of the various English Schools of Medicine are here published. A portrait of Sir James M'Gregor, Director General of the Medical Department of the Army, is noteworthy.

Homœopathic Domestic Physician, containing the Treatment of Diseases. By J. H. Pulte. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 1850.—As by this theory of medicine disease is left entirely to nature, there is no necessity to employ a physician of this faith. As a matter of economy, therefore, it will be advisable for the credulous to buy this manual, and so save the fees.

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A very interesting discovery has recently been made among the manuscripts which were saved from the pillage of the Jesuits' College in Quebec, of which we find the following account in the *Evening Post*, credited to a Chicago paper:—"It is well known by those familiar with the resources of early American history, that the publication of the Jesuit Relations, which furnish so much of interest in regard to the discovery and early exploration of the region bordering on our northern lakes, was discontinued after the year 1672. Some were known to have been written, but the manuscripts were supposed to be lost. The Relations from

1672 to 1679 inclusive, have lately been discovered, and among them a manuscript containing a full account of the voyages of Father Marquette, and of the discovery by him of the Mississippi river. It was undoubtedly this manuscript which furnished Thevenot the text of his publication in 1687, of "The Voyages and Discoveries of Father Marquette and of the Sieur Joliet." The latter kept a journal and drew a map of their route, but his canoe was upset in the falls of St. Louis, as he was descending the St. Lawrence, in sight of Montreal, and he lost them with the rest of his effects. What increases the value of the present discovery is, that the original narrative goes much more into detail than the one published by Thevenot. The motive which prompted, and the preparations which were made for the expedition, are fully described, and no difficulty is found in tracing its route.

There is also among the papers an autograph journal, by Marquette, of his last voyage, from the 25th of October, 1674, to the 6th of April, 1675, a month before his singular death, which occurred on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Also, a chart of the Mississippi drawn by himself, illustrating his travels. The one annexed to Thevenot's account, above referred to, a copy of which is contained in the third volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, is manifestly incorrect, as there is a variance between the route of the Jesuit as traced on his map, and that detailed in his text. The manuscript chart now rescued from oblivion reconciles all discrepancies, and constitutes a most interesting historical relic."

An interesting ceremony which recently took place at the *Ecole Armenienne*, Rue de Monsieur, collected together in this establishment a large part of the Ottomans now residing in Paris. This was the distribution of prizes, which takes place every year at this season. Abbé Bertain, grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Paris, presided this year. His Excellency, Kemal Effendi, Inspector General of the Schools of the Ottoman Empire, now charged with a scientific mission in Europe, was present at this celebration, as was also Riza-Bey, chief secretary of the legation of Turkey, who represented, on this occasion, his chef the Prince Calliwaki. It is well known that this School, founded by means of a legacy bequeathed for this purpose by a rich Armenian banker, Samuel Moorat, is conducted by the Mekhitarists, an order of Armenian monks, who possess a magnificent convent at Venice. In this capacity, and as subjects of the Sultan, they have collected a number of Orientals in their establishment. Several discourses were pronounced in the course of the ceremony. Mr. Aiwazowsky, the principal, faithfully recounted the happy results obtained by the Armenian College since its foundation. Kemal Effendi addressed to him in Turkish a few words of congratulation, which were immediately translated by his interpreter; after which the Abbé Bertain, in the name of the Archbishop, extolled in eloquent terms the lively and enlightened solicitude of the Sultan Abdulmedjid for his Christian subjects—a solicitude which, as the last news from Syria proves, seems never to be likely to be wanting to them. These words of the Grand Vicar were greatly applauded.—(*Journal des Debats*.)

There has just been discovered in *St. Just*, the cathedral of Narbonne, an immense bas-relief of the latter part of the fourteenth century, which for forty years had been covered by more modern decorations. This precious monument of Christian Iconography represents Hell. The part already brought out is very much mutilated, but it is hoped that the rest is in a better condition. The archaeological commission of Narbonne is engaged in taking measures for preserving to the cause of science this *monceau*, so interesting in more than one respect.—(*ib.*)

The Minister of Public Instruction has charged a committee to examine the new building of the Library of St. Geneviève, et d'en prendre reception s'il y avait lieu. This committee, in the course of last month, visited this institution, and has pointed out certain arrangements to be made in the interior, for the purpose of rendering

the transport and return of the books more easy; as also the communication of the rez-de-chaussée with the principal floor. The improvements, which were but of trifling importance, are now on the eve of being terminated, and the Minister has fixed on the 16th inst. as the day on which the administration of the Library is to take possession of the building. The reception will take place in the presence of the administrators and architects delegated by the Minister of Public Instruction, assisted by M. Labosse, architect of the library of St. Geneviève. Immediately after the reception will commence the transfer of the books, now deposited in the former *Salle Atténante*, at the College Henri IV., and of those provisionally deposited in the Batiment de Montagne. These books are 100,000 in number. The hall of the new library being insufficient for so large a number of volumes, a portion of them will be distributed in the rooms of the rez-de-chaussée. Four hundred persons can be accommodated with seats. The Prefect of the Seine, on his part, has just given orders that the old building de Montagne should be demolished immediately after the removal of the books.

The third volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos* is divided into two parts, of which the first has just appeared. It is exceedingly rich in interesting matter, chiefly relating to the *uranological* part of physical cosmography, to the phenomena of the heavens, the constellations, the fixed stars, the new stars, the measured distances of the fixed stars, the double stars, &c. The whole is concluded by a series of tables, viz. photometric tables, table of the new stars, table of parallaxes, &c., &c.

The *Journal des Débats* reports that Norway has lost the most distinguished of her philologists, in the person of M. Christian Launtz Sverdrup, who has died in his seventy-ninth year. M. Sverdrup has occupied the chair of philology at the University of Christiania since the foundation of that establishment by Frederick the Sixth, King of Denmark, in 1808. He has left many works,—the most important of them in the Latin tongue.

A Parisian journalist, Edmond Texier, has just written a little history of his order, *L'Histoire des Journaux, ou Biographie des Journalistes*.

The object of Lamartine's recent visit to England, intimates the *Leader*, was the sale of his *History of the Directory*:—"He came with a modest proposition to one of our notabilities in the trade. He wanted to make the publisher's fortune. Nothing simpler than his plan. He would write a work into which his whole soul was to be put: *palpitant d'actualité*, it would astonish Europe; and he would content himself with a poor five thousand pounds as *honorarium*. The publisher would issue it simultaneously in England, France, and Germany, and thus secure an enormous profit. The reason why Lamartine preferred an English publisher being, that no French publisher was solvent! Our countryman, with an indifference to Mammon worthy of a philosopher, declined the magnificent proposal; and Lamartine returned to France, and sold his work to an association of publishers."

The Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligence* furnishes the following table of the subscription lists of twenty-one of the principal journals of Paris:—

Constitutionnel	30,500	Price of subscription	40fr.
Siècle	28,900		
Presse	24,400		40
Assemblée Nationale	16,300		
Patrie	14,300		
Pays	14,300		35
Republique	12,300		36
Débats	11,100		
Univers	8,300		
Union	7,100		50
National	6,300		44
Ordre	5,400		
Événement	5,300		
Opinion Publique	4,600		
Gazette de France	3,300		50
Charivari	3,300		
Pouvoir	2,900		40
Moniteur Universel	2,000		112
Corsaire	1,650		60
Moniteur du Soir	1,100		
Courrier Français	400		

"I have only given a portion of the Paris papers; all the principal ones, however, are included. In sum it appears that the Republican journals of Paris have a circulation amounting to 128,900 per day; the Orleanists and Legitimist journals united, to 82,850 per day; the Napoleonist to 65,200."

The *Araldo*, a weekly journal published at Naples, we quote from the *Athenaeum*, "announces the list of books absolutely prohibited by the Neapolitan Government—in the original or translations, printed at home or imported from abroad. This list includes the works of the following writers:—Sophocles, Lucretius, Lucian, Shakespeare, Molière, Schiller, Sismondi, Humboldt, Lamartine, and Thiers. This would look like the farce after the terrible tragedies of Naples and Messina, were there not the melancholy reflection at hand that this ridiculous warfare with the intelligence of the world is waged by men who in their own country have the power to make the war in earnest,—that the absurd antics which are sport to us at a distance are intellectual death to others. Of the works of Humboldt, the '*Cosmos*' is especially branded. We have heard of a learned traveller having his whole box of scientific books detained at the Austrian custom-house, and sent back across the frontier, because one of them was a treatise on the *revolutions* of the stars:—but the Neapolitans, if they go on in this style, will soon carry away the crown of ignorance from their friendly rivals on the Danube."

To the above account from the *Araldo*, the *Leader* adds a more specific statement. "Among the works forbidden are Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Heeren's *Historical Treatises*, Ovid, Lucian, Lucretius, Sophocles, Suetonius, Paul de Kock, Victor Hugo, E. Girardin, G. Sand, Lamartine, Valéry's *L'Italie*, Goethe, Schiller, Thiers, A. Dumas, Molière, all the German philosophers, and what do you think next? hold your sides—prepare for belief with the faith of a St. Augustine—explain it if you can, but never doubt the fact that our list winds up with the dangerous, anarchical, poisonous *Stephani Thesaurus*! To prohibit a dictionary may fairly be said to have reached the 'lowest deep' of unreasoning absurdity. Goethe tells a story of some meditative Prince, who assured him that had he—the Prince—been the Deity, and could have foreseen that Schiller's Robbers would have been written, he would have left the world uncreated!"

"C'est dommage, Garot, que tu n'es point entré Aux conseils de celui que pêche ton cure!"

Anglo-Knickerbocker, the London correspondent of the *Courier*, says of Tennyson, "He is in personal appearance rather awkward, and inclined to be slovenly, but has a remarkably fine head and a sweet voice, and a winning manner."

The printing of the catalogue of the Exhibition is likely to excite a handsome competition of the advertising interest. "It is understood," says a *Liverpool* journal, "that as half a million copies of the shilling catalogue will be printed, in the first instance, advertisements will be taken at so much per hundred thousand, and not for the whole impression; so that an advertiser will have to pay, not one, but five, and probably ten, times for the same announcement in the same publication to ensure the requisite circulation. The scale of charge is not to be known till the fifteenth of January; but as an instance of the extraordinary eagerness on this score, it may be mentioned as within the personal knowledge of the writer, that on an eminent advertiser applying for the back page of the cover, he was told it had not been then determined whether the commissioners would reserve that for themselves, but meanwhile there had been offered already *five hundred guineas*! How pitiful (continues the English writer) all the Jenny Lind ticket competition among the American batters and quack doctors appears beside this:—guineas taking the place of dollars; and this without a word of fuss; a mere private and as it were surreptitious bid, just on the chance of smug-

gling a preference before the existence of the prize should be suspected by the community."

A paragraph in *Galignani's Messenger* shows the reported blindness of Lord Brougham to have been considerably exaggerated:—"At the Academy of Science, Lord Brougham read a supplementary paper on his well known experiments on light. Great interest was excited amongst a numerous auditory by the contents of this paper, the reading of which lasted an hour, and which may, in fact, be considered as the complement of that in which his lordship last year, it may be remembered, gave an account of his previous experiments. We were sorry to perceive that his lordship was obliged to wear a green shade over his eyes, which still continues weak. The state of his sight, we understand, has of late prevented Lord Brougham from going on with the new experiments which he had projected. His lordship left Paris last evening for England."

THE SABBATH.

From the German of Zinzendorf.

THE Sabbath is for man's own use,
His business then is rest,
By leaning, in sweet peacefulness,
Upon His Saviour's breast;

And now the church, for whom He died,
And hath, by dying, sanctified,
Would have the day, whereon He woke,
Kept free from labor's yoke.

EMILY HEERMANN.

THE CABIN.

THE sunlight's in the tree-tops,
A shadow's on the leas,
Where squirrels leap from mouldering trunks,
Among the great old trees.

The broad leaves of the Buttonwood,
The Beeches glossy green,
Now form a pleasant canopy
Heaven and me between.

Here in the summer stillness
I hear the locust's song,
And in the summer weariness
I've sat and listened long.

Once, on yon sunny hillside,
Were lying smouldering brands,
The glory from the summer-woods
Was rent by human hands.

A low unsightly cabin
Among the bare stumps stood,
And noisy hens, at sunset time,
Called home the scattered brood.

And little children by yon brook,
Grew up to call it "home,"
Where they had sailed the light canoe
And tossed the sparkling foam.

EMILY HEERMANN.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure,"
Thus prayed the old divine,
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered
And under his breath said he—
"This ship is so crank and woolly
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,

Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered :—
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon ;

When steadily steering landward
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining top-masts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people, who saw this marvel,
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

—(Graham's Magazine for February.)

[MR. HENRY MAYHEW, the "Commissioner" of the *London Morning Chronicle*, on the state of different classes in London, has collected his interesting reports from that journal, and is republishing them with additions, in popular form, with the title, "London Labor and the London Poor." From the first number of this collection, we take a sketch of a resort of the lower classes, celebrated by Mr. Dickens.]

THE "VIC. GALLERY."

On a good attractive night, the rush of costers to the threepenny gallery of the Coburg (better known as "the Vic") is peculiar, and almost awful.

The long zig-zag staircase that leads to the pay box is crowded to suffocation at least an hour before the theatre is opened ; but on the occasion of a piece with a good murder in it, the crowd will frequently collect as early as three o'clock in the afternoon. Lads stand upon the broad wooden bannisters, about 50 feet from the ground, and jump on each other's backs, or adopt any expedient they can think of to obtain a good place.

The walls of the well-staircase having a remarkably fine echo, and the wooden floor of the steps serving as a sounding board, the shouting, whistling, and quarrelling of the impatient young costers is increased tenfold. If, as sometimes happens, a song with a chorus is started, the ears positively ache with the din, and when the chant has finished it seems as though a sudden silence had fallen on the people. To the centre of the road, and all round the door, the mob is in a ferment of excitement, and no sooner is the money-taker at his post than the most frightful rush takes place, every one heaving with his shoulder at the back of the person immediately in front of him. The girls shriek, men shout, and a nervous fear is felt lest the massive staircase should fall in with the weight of the throng, as it lately did with the most terrible re-

sults. If a hat tumbles from the top of the staircase, a hundred hands snatch at it as it descends. When it is caught, a voice roars above the tumult, "All right, Bill, I've got it"—for they all seem to know one another—"Keep us a pitch and I'll bring it."

To any one unaccustomed to be pressed flat it would be impossible to enter with the mob. To see the sight in the gallery it is better to wait until the first piece is over. The ham-sandwich men and pig-trotter women will give you notice when the time is come, for with the first clatter of the descending footsteps they commence their cries.

There are few grown-up men that go to the "Vic" gallery. The generality of the visitors are lads from about twelve to three-and-twenty, and though a few black-faced sweeps or white-brown dustmen may be among the throng, the gallery audience consists mainly of costermongers. Young girls, too, are very plentiful, only one third of whom now take their babies, owing to the new regulation of charging half price for infants. At the foot of the staircase stands a group of boys begging for the return checks, which they sell again for 1½d. or 1d., according to the lateness of the hour.

At each step up the well-staircase the warmth and stench increase, until by the time one reaches the gallery doorway, a furnace-heat rushes out through the entrance that seems to force you backwards, whilst the odor positively prevents respiration. The mob on the landing, standing on tiptoe and closely wedged together, resists any civil attempt at gaining a glimpse of the stage, and yet a coster lad will rush up, elbow his way into the crowd, then jump up on to the shoulders of those before him, and suddenly disappear into the body of the gallery.

The gallery at "the Vic" is one of the largest in London. It will hold from 1500 to 2000 people, and runs back to so great a distance, that the end of it is lost in shadow, excepting where the little gas-jets, against the wall, light up the two or three faces around them. When the gallery is well packed, it is usual to see piles of boys on each other's shoulders at the back, while on the partition boards, dividing off the slips, lads will pitch themselves, despite the spikes.

As you look up the vast slanting mass of heads from the upper boxes, each one appears on the move. The huge black heap, dotted with faces, and spotted with white shirt sleeves, almost pains the eye to look at, and should a clapping of hands commence, the twinkling nearly blinds you. It is the fashion with the mob to take off their coats ; and the cross-braces on the backs of some, and the bare shoulders peeping out of the ragged shirts of others, are the only variety to be found. The bonnets of the "ladies" are hung over the iron railing in front, their numbers nearly hiding the panels ; and one of the amusements of the lads in the back seats consists in pitching orange peel or nutshells into them, a good aim being rewarded with a shout of laughter.

When the orchestra begins playing, before "the gods" have settled into their seats, it is impossible to hear a note of music. The puffed-out cheeks of the trumpeters and the raised drumsticks tell you that the overture has commenced, but no tune is to be heard, an occasional burst of the full band being caught by gushes, as if a high wind were raging. Recognitions take place every moment, and "Bill Smith" is called to in a loud voice from one side, and a shout in answer from the other, asks "What's up?" Or family secrets are revealed, and "Bob Triller"

is asked where "Sal" is, and replies amid a roar of laughter, that she is "a-larning the pynanney."

By-and-by a youngster, who has come in late, jumps up over the shoulders at the door, and doubling himself into a ball, rolls down over the heads in front, leaving a trail of commotion, for each one as he passes aims a blow at the fellow. Presently a fight is sure to begin, and then every one rises from his seat whistling and shouting ; three or four pairs of arms fall to, the audience waving their hands till the moving mass seems like microscopic eels in paste. But the commotion ceases suddenly on the rising of the curtain, and then the cries of "Silence!" "Ord-a-r!" "Ord-a-a-r!" make more noise than ever.

The "Vic" gallery is not to be moved by touching sentiment. They prefer vigorous exercise to any emotional speech. "The Child of the Storm's" declaration that she would share her father's "death or imprisonment as her duty," had no effect at all, compared with the split in the hornpipe. The shrill whistling and "brayvos" that followed the tar's performance showed how highly it was relished, and one "god" went so far as to ask "how it was done." The comic actor kicking a dozen Polish peasants was encored, but the grand banquet of the Czar of all the Russias only produced merriment, and a request that he would "give them a bit" was made directly the Emperor took the willow-patterned plate in his hand. All affecting situations are sure to be interrupted by cries of "orda-ar;" and the lady begging for her father's life was told to "speak up, old gal;" though when the heroine of the "dumestic dreamer" (as they call it) told the general of all the Cossack forces "not to be a fool," the uproar of approbation grew greater than ever ; and when the lady turned up her swan's-down cuffs, and seizing four Russian soldiers shook them successively by the collar, then the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the cries of "Bray-vo, Vincent! Go it, my tulip!" resounded from every throat.

Altogether the gallery audience do not seem to be of a gentle nature. One poor little lad shouted out in a crying tone "that he couldn't see," and instantly a dozen voices demanded "that he should be thrown over."

Whilst the pieces are going on, brown flat bottles are frequently raised to the mouth, and between the acts a man with a tin can, glittering in the gas-light, goes round crying, "Port-a-a-a-r! who's for port-a-a-a-r." As the heat increased the faces grew bright red, every bonnet was taken off, and ladies could be seen wiping the perspiration from their cheeks with the play-bills.

No delay between the pieces will be allowed, and should the interval appear too long, some one will shout out—referring to the curtain—"Pull up that there winder blind!" or they will call to the orchestra, saying, "Now then, you catgut-scrapers! Let's have a ha'p'urth of liveliness!" Neither will they suffer a play to proceed until they have a good view of the stage, and "Higher the blue" is constantly shouted when the sky is too low, or "Light up the moon," when the transparency is rather dim.

The dances and comic songs, between the pieces, are liked better than anything else. A highland fling is certain to be repeated, and a stamping of feet will accompany the tune, and a shrill whistling keep time through the entire performance.

But the grand hit of the evening is always when a song is sung to which the entire gallery

can join in chorus. Then a deep silence prevails all through the stanzas. Should any burst in before his time, a shout of "ord-a-r" is raised, and the intruder put down by a thousand indignant cries. At the proper time, however, the throats of the mob burst forth in all their strength. The most deafening noise breaks out suddenly, while the cat-calls keep up the tune, and an imitation of a dozen Mr. Punches squeaks out the words. Some actors at the minor theatres make a great point of this, and in the bill upon the night of my visit, under the title of "There's a good time coming, boys," there was printed, "assisted by the most numerous and effective chorus in the metropolis"—meaning the whole of the gallery. The singer himself started the mob, saying, "Now then, the Exeter Hall touch if you please, gentlemen," and beat time with his hand, parodying M. Jullien with his *baton*. An "angeore" on such occasions is always demanded, and, despite a few murmurs of "change it to 'Duck-legged Dick,'" invariably insisted on.

[From the Boston Post.]

POEM BY CARLYLE.—THE BEETLE.

Poor hobbling beetle, need'st not haste;
Should traveller, traveller thus alarm?
Pursue thy journey through the waste,
No foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast—
"Small family" that have not dined?
Lodged under pebble, there they fast,
Till head of house have raised the wind!

Man's bread lies 'mong the feet of men:
For eark and moil sufficient cause:
Who cannot sow would reap; and then
In Beetledom are no poor-laws.

And if thy wife and thou agree
But ill, as like when short of victual,
I swear, the public sympathy
Thy fortune meriteth, poor beetle.

Alas! and I should do thee skaiht—
To realms of night with heeltop send!
Who judged thee worthy pains of death,
On earth, save me, without a friend!

Pass on, poor beetle! Venerable
Art thou, were wonders ne'er so rife;
Thou hast what Bel to Tower of Babel
Not gave: the chief of wonders—Life.

Also of "ancient family,"
Though small in size, of feature dark.
What Debrett's peer surpasseth thee?
Thy ancestor was in Noah's ark!

The above is from an old number of "Hogg's Instructor," an Edinburgh periodical. Its grotesque jocularity thinly disguising real feeling, and the ragged, uncouth, unkempt style, are highly characteristic of the author. It is a metrical curiosity—something in quite an unique manner, which, considering the subject, circumstances, and all, might, to use a phrase of his own, be called the "ambulatory necessitous" style of composition. He has said—"Rhyme that had no inward necessity to be rhymed—it ought to have told us plainly, without any jingle, what it was aiming at." This inward necessity, which we take to be a ductile, musical spontaneity of language—the thought flowing in an element of melody, does not seem very apparent in his own case! We believe he has published no other original verse except the "Tragedy of the Night-Moth" among his Miscellanies, Mr. Carlyle's poetical sympathies appearing to be exclusively directed to portraying the trials, discomfitures, and deaths of destitute and misguided members of the insect tribes. The general bent of his genius, we think, would promise greater suc-

cess in an epithalamium or war-song for a hippopotamus, or an ode to the big Indian "Shri-vanabalagol."

Taking this opportunity to speak generally of this singular author, we must say that we cannot concur in the opinions now popularly expressed of him, especially those provoked by his later writings. Oddity doubtless formed a considerable part of his apparent originality, and something of notoriety is to be deducted in estimating the real amount and value of his reputation. But there is withal a power abroad in his books which is doing a brave and earnest work among the intense utilitarian activities of the age. He employs the flying artillery of the language, and does not indulge in the delicacies of expression; his unimpeachably peculiar, thoroughly rousing and startling style, goes grimly pig-wise into dainty literary sensibilities. Amused with his "pied ridiculous antics," and aware of his grave errors, we yet must admire his "ineradicable feeling for reality." With such a rare glow of devotion to the interests of literature, we should submit to some smoke and a little annoyance of cinders. Let him rave even to the extent of wishing himself a "big bull-necked nigger;" he may, if he pleases, look back upon the "twenty-seven millions mostly fools,"—there are as many somewhere. "As the births of living creatures at first are ill shaped, so are all innovations, which are the births of time." His works, Emerson's, and others, we regard as the pregnant promise and firstlings of a new era in literature, its holy and indissoluble union with religion: when Truth will be its central, sacred light, and the devout investigation and living portraiture of that the sole way to its sublime emoluments, too much mistily hidden heretofore by fancy-hatched vanities, and foolery and chaff scattered from windy skulls.

FINE ARTS.

LECTURES ON ART.

MR. JAMES'S INTRODUCTORY.

We mentioned some time since that, at a general meeting of the artists of New York, it had been determined, in the interests of art, to petition Congress for some especial action in the matter, such as the annual award of prizes for competition, &c., and to institute a brief course of Lectures upon Art, adapted to arouse public attention to the subject.

In prompt pursuance of this plan, several gentlemen interested in art offered to prepare lectures, and the course commenced on Tuesday evening, the 21st of last month, in the lecture-room of the Stuyvesant Institute, by a lecture from HENRY JAMES, Esq., upon the *Universality of Art*.

This theme, if somewhat broad in its scope, and implying a degree of accurate thought upon the part of the audience, was for those reasons admirably adapted for an introductory. There were also a sincerity and precision in the elocution of the lecturer which stamped all that he said with the most conscientious earnestness.

It was far from a popular lecture, in so far as popular is a synonym of easy; and it therefore necessarily suffered in the report of those listeners who were more struck by the character of the illustrations than by the force of the thought illustrated. But no man, accustomed at all to seeing his thoughts in outline, could have made so unjust an error. Necessarily restricted to a limited time, the lecturer was unable to do more than state and illustrate his thought. The explanation of the doctrine he had no time to discuss.

The doctrine of Mr. James's discourse was, that Art—behind the arts and causing them—is Invention.

Invention, of course, has, as such, no degrees; hence there cannot be grades of Artists. A man is an artist or he is not. But if he is, he is not good or bad, just as a flower is nothing more nor less than a flower, be it of what species it may. If Art be Invention, then the application of art to life, the use and elaboration of the invention to human necessities, is something very much inferior, and its workers, *as such*, cannot necessarily command the same position in instinctive human regards. Hence this application is Artisanship or Mechanics, and not at all lovely, because only spontaneous action is lovely; and the artisan works, not spontaneously, but to get bread and meat.

Thus a man invents shoes. That invention is a delight, a spontaneity, and is beautiful and perfect, because it is the adaptation of the necessary protection, &c., to the foot. Yet this is in idea only. The invention has to do with the ideal shoe, so to say; that is, with the ideal foot. The Inventor is an Artist.

But now when this invention is applied to life, and I wish a shoe for my misshapen, corned, and humored foot, the man who adapts the shoe to me, who modifies to my case the invention of the artist, not from any satisfaction he has in it, but that he may not starve, is an artisan, never impassioned for his work—for who ever heard of an impassioned Shoemaker or Carpenter—but a drudge.

The instinct of society confirms this feeling. We pay our Tailors and Masons, but do not seek their society. That is to say, of course, we do not seek it *because* they are Bakers and Cooks, although they may—apart from those facts—be very pleasant persons, and to be sought for themselves. But it is the reverse with the Artist. He has been from the beginning always a very suspicious individual in the moral regards; respects no times or seasons; is, ex officio, the privileged person. Yet, whether he be naughty or virtuous, we seek him and honor him, not for what he personally is, but for what he represents, and never dream that money can pay for his pictures.

This idea, crisp and clear in the lecturer's mind, and clothed in a singularly rich, transparent, and sympathetic style, was the substance of the lecture. There was profound perception, accurate thought, striking and quaint illustration throughout, nor were we surprised to hear some dissatisfaction expressed,—sure, as we were, that none was experienced by any hearer who had clearly followed the speaker upon the lofty line of his thought, and who, therefore, recognised in the illustrations nothing personal or unjust. The lecture discussed art and artists and artisans impersonally and intellectually, and, as we said, was therefore a most appropriate introductory discourse.

The lectures (probably six in number) will be continued weekly, every Tuesday evening, at the Stuyvesant Institute, unless otherwise announced.

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

MR. HOWS, the Shakespearian Lecturer and Professor of Elocution in Columbia College, is, it gives us pleasure to state, about to commence a series of Readings chiefly from Shakspeare, at the Stuyvesant Institute. The course will include Macbeth, As You Like It, Hamlet, and others, and will commence on Thursday evening of next week. Mr. Hows has on one or two occasions presented

similar readings in this city before appreciative audiences and recently at New Brunswick, with decided success.

Mr. COBURN, at the recent Annual Soirée of the Mechanics' Institute at Leeds, in the course of what our authority, the London *Morning Chronicle*, calls the speech of the evening, paid this compliment to the American people:—"You have heard something about the state of education in America. The thing which struck me most in travelling through the United States, was the great elevation of the mass of the people there above the condition of the same class of people in this country. I say if a man visits the United States, and travels through that country—if he leaves this land, thinking himself a democrat but is in reality something else, he will come back from the United States a real thorough Tory. He will find his prejudices and susceptibilities so shocked by the rubbing of his elbows against the really mechanic class of that country, in the steamboat, the railway carriage, and everywhere else where he travels, that if he be a mere kid-glove democrat, and have no real sympathy with the mass of the people, he will come back what he was in reality when he set out—a real aristocrat [hear, hear, hear]. But if he goes there desirous really to ascertain whether the people there are elevated above the working classes of all other places in the world, he will come back delighted with the social state of America [applause]. What struck me most of all was that I did not find in the New England states of America any class corresponding with the masses of the working classes in our agricultural and manufacturing towns. Really, they are raised infinitely above us; indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that the mass of the people, whether employed in the workshop or upon the land, in the states of New England, are as much elevated by their education and the largeness and clearness of their ideas, above the same class in England, as that class in England are raised above the same class in Austria Proper."

Under the heading, "Henry Clay and the Boatmen," the St. Louis *Intelligencer* of the 20th has the following paragraph:—"The other day three barrels of flour were shipped from this city, on the Pike No. 9, to the Hon. Henry Clay. In filling up the bill of lading, the clerk inserted in the blank space left for the price of the freight, these words: 'For the love of the man.' As our millers have offered to supply Mr. Clay with flour, free of cost, and as the steamboats refuse to make any charge for freight, the 'Sage of Ashland' need incur very little expense for bread, for the remainder of his life. These little matters indicate very significantly the profound hold which he has upon the respect and affections of the people."

A correspondent of the *Christian Watchman and Reflector* thus notices Mr. Melvill, the popular preacher, in his pulpit of the Golden Lecture-ship, with a glance at the same pulpit on a Wednesday:—"Mention was made in my last letter of the attacks upon Rev. Henry Melvill for his acceptance of the Golden Lectureship. He was charged with having stultified himself by preaching against covetousness and pluralities, yet becoming himself a pluralist, and accepting \$2000 a year in addition to \$7500 received as President of the East India Company's College and Chaplain of the Tower. That he did his duty, no person looking at results will deny. To make this clear, I will give a fact that came under my observation. The 'Golden Lecture' is delivered every Tuesday morning. Every Wednesday morning a lecture is delivered in the same church. This lectureship is also endowed. One bright and beautiful Wednesday morning I entered St. Margaret's. The preacher was in his place, the clerk in his desk drawing out his repetitions and responses, and the pew-opener, a female, was seated on a bench in the aisle; but not a soul besides could be seen in the house. I took a seat, feeling very anxious and very awkward. I might be intruding. This possibly was a rehearsal, and not a regular exhibition. Determined, however, to see it out, I kept my seat. To be really seri-

ous was impossible; the whole affair was too farcical for that; but remembering that this was done in the name of religion, I could not help feeling indignant. The service having been read, the preacher ascended to the pulpit and began his sermon. His subject was the contrast between the death of the righteous and the wicked. The discourse was a very fair one, but delivered execrably. His cadences were as regular as clock-work, and at length became almost intolerable. I observed that he appealed to his 'beloved hearers' occasionally, and several times to his 'dear friends.' This rather mystified me. The clerk and pew-opener were both asleep, past hearing, and I thought I was having it all to myself. He repeated the plural so often that I moved along in the pew, and in a part of the house I had not seen before observed a man's head. So the plural was proper. I could not help thinking occasionally of Dean Swift, who, finding himself without an audience on a certain occasion, commenced the service, slightly altering the formula, and addressing the clerk—"Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places," &c.; and how narrowly I had escaped being 'a one audience.' At length the preacher closed and dismissed his congregation with as much formality as if there had been two thousand instead of two. I waited until the doors were closed, hoping there might be some other straggler; it was in vain, there were but two. And such audiences are the rule, and not the exception. This man may be one of the worthiest of his class, and for aught I know, he may have been a candidate for the Golden Lectureship. Suppose he had received the appointment instead of Melvill? what then? As it is, when the latter preaches, every Tuesday morning, fifteen hundred people hear the gospel. They hear Christ preached as few men living can preach him. To me it seems providential that in the heart of the metropolis, within a hundred yards of the Exchange, such sermons are delivered. The church, whether it rains or shines, is crowded to overflowing, people standing in the aisles and on the stairways. Melvill's motives, I believe, were the purest, and he has shown true courage in doing his duty in the face of popular clamor. He is beyond being affected by disapprobation or applause; while he heeds Schiller's advice, 'Bestow on your contemporaries not what they praise, but what they need.'

The "fleur de lis," says "Notes and Queries," was made the ornament of the northern radius of the mariner's compass in compliment to Charles of Anjou (whose device it was), the reigning King of Sicily, at the time when Flavio Gioja, the Neapolitan, first employed that instrument in navigation.

"In every window," says that pleasant anecdotal book, "Germania; its Courts, Camps, and People," describing a German work-shop, "stand two or three pots of ivy, curiously trained; sometimes made to twine its pliant tendrils round osier twigs, bent into rounds or ovals, or tied into the form of a miniature palisade; but everywhere, in the midst of the oil and the iron, the fire and the grease, these green wreaths of ivy gladden the eyes of the toilers. 'They like it so,' said M. Brockhaus to us, as we remarked the circumstance. 'It is company.' Company? Yes, there it is. Let man's toil be what it may, there is in him a yearning for something out of himself, for what is not material; and I know of few things more touching than this association of rude, hard labor with what is purely poetical and devoid of positive utility, this instinct which makes hard working men seek for 'company' in the mute verdure of an ivy plant. A Frenchman has as a companion a cat or a mouse, a dog or a weazel, it matters little which, so long as it has life. A German finds consolation and 'company' in a plant; which does not exactly prove one to be better or gentler of spirit, but simply more unreal than the other."

To our recent anecdotes of miserly eccentricity is to be added the example of the recent member of the English Parliament, Mr. Raphael, who is thus spoken of in the correspondence of the *Liverpool Albion*:—"The Romanist cause has sus-

tained a heavy blow and great discouragement in the death of old Raphael, member for St. Alban's. He was a most extraordinary character, and considering his long life and prominent position in various respects, it is surprising how little notice the newspapers have taken of his demise, probably because the obituary manufacturers for the journals are too much occupied with the affair of the Pope. Raphael was both a miser and a prodigal. He almost denied himself the ordinary necessities—not to say luxuries of life, and would stand half an hour in the rain in Palace-yard, at midnight, haggling with the cabmen to take him to Stanhope street for a shilling [as your correspondent has known him to do], yet he would give a couple of thousand pounds for a few dilapidated cottages not worth two hundred, in Surrey, for the pleasure of pulling them down, levelling the ground, and surrounding it with a brick wall. Brick walls, straight, high, and in squares, all around his estates, were his hobby; and in the pursuit of it he did incalculable mischief in the neighborhood of Ditton and Surbiton, where he was perpetually buying property, levelling all the fences, pulling up the trees, and inclosing the land in brick walls. The son of an Armenian Jew diamond-merchant, he inherited prodigious wealth, to which he added very largely, not by trade or speculation so much as by the accumulation of interest; from his wretched penurious habits, he is believed by those who knew his affairs pretty well, to have been in the receipt of upwards of £150,000 a year, though from his extraordinary eccentricity in the mode of investing it, and his donations to the Catholic Church, it is probable that his returns to the Income Commissioners were comparatively trivial. What with buildings and gifts, he must have laid out not far short of £200,000 on the church, if not more, from first to last. True, there are stories that he took care to have good security, and that his generosity merely consisted in advancing money one per cent. or half per cent. below the market rate of usance, as in the case of Prior-park; but it is nevertheless a fact, within the writer's knowledge, that he did make large donations in money, land, and buildings, without any pecuniary stipulation whatever. O'Connell, in the famous 'say a £1,000' transaction, in the Carlow election, hit him off to the life when he called him 'that most incomprehensible vagabond, Raphael'; for incomprehensible he was to every one, though nobody who had any dealings with him ever questioned the propriety of the other epithet applied by the Liberator."

A quaint and venerable dining institution in London—the Beef Steak Club—is thus commemorated in a late number of an English journal:—"This club, numbering many of the first noblemen in the land for the last 120 years, and still including several, though the reunions have lost nearly all their old spirit, partake of a five o'clock dinner of beef steaks every Saturday from November to the end of June, behind the scenes of the Lyceum Theatre, the society having been established by Rich, the renowned lessee of Covent-garden. They call themselves 'The Steaks,' says Cunningham, abhor the notion of being thought a club, dedicate their hours to 'Beef and Liberty,' and enjoy a hearty English dinner with hearty English appetites. The room they dine in, a little Escurial in itself, is most appropriately fitted up—the doors, wainscot, and roof of good old English oak, ornamented with gridirons. Everything assumes the shape, or is distinguished by the representation of their favorite implement, the gridiron. The cook is seen at his office through the bars of a spacious gridiron, and the original gridiron of the society (the survivor of two terrific fires) holds a conspicuous position in the centre of the ceiling. The president wears a gold gridiron. Every member is at liberty to bring a friend—of course a male one, though the famous Peg Woffington was a member. One of the odd rules of the society is that no one is to speak civilly to another, nor is there to be the least recognition of rank, save what is conferred by the club itself."

VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK
OF AN AMATEUR.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid storm-clouds gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the pattering
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the pattering
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers,
Ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the pattering of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair;
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair;
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue,
I forget as gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her
As I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the pattering of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the pattering of the rain.

—*Scioto Gazette.*

"Pappy, have guns got legs?" "No, James."
"How do they kick, then?" Exit Mary with
Jemmy in her arms, while pappy fell fainting upon
the sofa.

In Ohio they have a literary gazette called the
Buck-eye Blossom; in Kentucky, the *Rose of the
Valley*; in New Jersey, the *Belvidere Apollo*; in
Maryland, the *Kent Bugle*; in Ohio, the *Toledo
Blade*; and in Mississippi, the *Bowie Knife*.

A lady making inquiries of a boy about his
father, an intemperate man, who had been ill for
some time, asked whether he had regained his
appetite. "No, ma'am," said the boy, "not
exactly: his appetite is very poor, but his drink-
-atite is as good as ever."

There is a story going of a young man who
was once invited to dine with a gentleman of
rather sudden temper. The dining room was on
the second floor, and the principal dish a fine roast
fowl. When the old gentleman undertook to
carve it he found the knife rather dull, and, in a
sudden passion, flung it down stairs after the ser-
vant who had just brought it; whereupon the
young man seized the fowl, and with admirable
dexterity flung it after the knife. "What on earth
do you mean?" exclaimed the old man, as soon as
he could speak. "I beg your pardon," was the
cool reply, "I thought you were going to dine
down stairs."

There is no peacemaker like a good dinner.

We do not dislike men so much when they are
ruining themselves: it is only after they are ruined.

A story is told of a hypochondriac gentleman
of rank and fortune in Ireland, who fancies one of
his legs is of one religion, and the other of another.
He not unfrequently puts one of his unfortunate
legs outside the bed to punish it for its religious
errors.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge
like a sceptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt
whether to give up worship of the JUG-OR-NOT.

When a man attempts to tie his cravat around a
lamp-post, you may presume he has been imbibing
something, or inhaling chloroform.

There are trees so tall in Wisconsin that it takes
two men and a boy to look to the top of them.
One looks till he gets tired, and another com-
mences where he left off—*American Paper.*

Mrs. Partington hearing that a young man had
set up for himself, "Poor fellow," said she, "has
he no friend that will set up for him part of the
time?" And she sighed to be young again.

"Sealed proposals," as the chap said when he
kissed his sweetheart.

If one asks a question and another answers it,
which is the oddest fellow? The queerest (que-
-rist)!

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

* * Mr. J. G. HAVILAND, at his Periodical and
Newspaper Store, No. 422½ Broadway, near
Canal Street, will receive subscriptions for
the Literary World.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE STATUTES OF CALIFORNIA, passed at the
First Session of the Legislature, together with the
Constitution, &c., have been recently printed in
quarto form, for the use of the Legislature and
Public Officers of that State. A few copies (see
advertisement) have been left for sale with R.
Craighead, 112 Fulton Street. Public institutions,
the legal profession, and political men generally,
will do well to supply themselves with a volume
to which much interest will attach a few years
hence.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS will publish in a
few days, in 8vo., with numerous illustrations,
"London Labor and London Poor in the Nine-
teenth Century," by HENRY MAYHEW.

* * Mr. Mayhew's contributions to the *Morning
Chronicle*, so condensed and revised as to be made
bookworthy, will form only a part of the above-
entitled volume, which will contain a large amount
of wholly original matter. In order to compass
the desired completeness of the work, some change
will be made in the order in which the early chap-
ters were originally printed. This change will
afford to the author the time necessary to obtain
all and every information bearing upon the condi-
tion of the Metropolitan artisans, through the
various Trade Societies of London. The first
portion of the work will be devoted to "*The Lon-
don World in London Streets.*"

C. S. FRANCIS & Co. have in press the New
Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, from the
London edition just published, including the *Pro-
metheus Bound*, which the author states in her
preface has been entirely re-written.

They have also in press the Poems of Joanna
Baillie.

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